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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

**M.** PAINLEVÉ'S failure to get his strange Finance Bill through the Chamber should have surprised nobody. Nor shall we be astonished at the failure of the new Cabinet, whatever its composition, for France is still trying to settle financial problems by political means. The debate immediately preceding M. Painlevé's collapse showed that the Chamber is still disputing as to whether the financial needs of the moment should be met by further inflation or by compulsory consolidation of short term loans. Either measure, it is true, would damage French credit abroad, but this credit suffers to a far greater extent from the French failure to subordinate party interests to the welfare of the nation. M. Caillaux was driven out of office because he ventured to tell the truth, and M. Painlevé has fallen before attempting to tackle the main problem at all. The best that one can hope for is that, while Premiers fall almost as rapidly as the franc, public opinion will become more alive to the necessity for far-reaching financial sacrifices in-

stead of high-sounding professions of patriotism. As we go to press the issue is still unresolved, M. Herriot, like MM. Doumer and Briand, having failed to get Socialist support.

### AFTER LOCARNO—?

Mr. Chamberlain has frequently insisted that he looks upon the Security Pact merely as a beginning and one may, therefore, be excused for asking immediately what is to be the next step. On the one hand some effort will have to be made to bring about a general reduction of armaments, and, on the other, there is the less complicated, but also very important, problem of Russia. In many minor respects the Foreign Office has frequently shown very little courtesy to M. Rakovsky, while he was here as Chargé d'Affaires, and it is depressing to see Herr Stresemann declaring in the Reichstag that "Germany does not intend to follow an anti-Russian policy in the wake of England." It may be quite true that our foreign policy is not inspired mainly by hostility to Moscow, but there is ample evidence of the general impression abroad that this is so. It is, therefore, quite essential, if the policy of pacification is to make further pro-

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gress, that Mr. Chamberlain should lose no opportunity of convincing M. Tchicherin that he is quite ready to deal with Russia in the same spirit as he has dealt with Germany, if Russia is willing.

#### RUSSIAN SUSPICION

One of the difficulties of carrying on negotiations with Russia is that the Soviet Government treats any and every move with suspicion. It is perhaps difficult to realize to how great an extent the years of isolation have created an abyss between Germany, and *a fortiori* Russia, and the former Allied Powers. The *Pravda*, for example, is now insisting that the general desire to see Russia in the League is "a link in a very carefully thought out propaganda for turning European public opinion against the Soviet Union." This, of course, is nonsense, and still more foolish is the Soviet alarm at the reports that Sweden is trying to establish a Security Pact for the Baltic and Scandinavian States. It is obvious that the task of persuading Russia that every effort by other countries to protect themselves is not part of an anti-Soviet policy will demand more patience and tact than have been shown in this country in the past.

#### NEXT TUESDAY

On Tuesday next the Locarno agreements will be signed in London and the evacuation of Cologne will begin. The first part of Mr. Chamberlain's programme of European pacification and reconstruction will, therefore, have been carried out in accordance with the time-table. When the Security Pact was initialled in Locarno it was by no means certain that the Reichstag would accept its obligations. Even in the Nationalist Party, however, many influential persons have felt it worth while to accept the obligations of Locarno, and we are convinced that nothing will occur to make them change their minds. There is a tendency to attach far more importance to the Security Pact in this country than in France or Germany, where it is felt that it will be the beginning not only of better relations but also of new difficulties, but the general improvement in European affairs in the interval between the initialling and the signature of the Security Pact justifies a considerable degree of optimism.

#### SECURITY IN THE BALKANS

The Locarno Conference, coupled with the Council treatment of the recent Greco-Bulgarian dispute, is already having interesting repercussions in the Balkans. Until recently Yugoslavia has looked upon herself as all powerful in that part of the world, and proposed terms for the renewal of her alliance with Greece which were so harsh that Athens, despite a strong fear of isolation, was compelled to break off the negotiations. Since it became known that the League Council hopes for the elaboration of proposals which might lead to the extension of the principles of the Locarno Security Pact to the Balkans, Yugoslavia has shown a strong desire to open up negotiations for an alliance with Greece once again. The Greek Government now shows no enthusiasm and points out that a general Security Pact for the Balkans would be more valuable for everyone concerned—everyone, that is, except Yugoslavia. The difficulties of establishing a Balkan Security Pact will be

much greater than those which were faced at Locarno, but this small incident is interesting as an illustration of the development and value of the Locarno spirit in other parts of Europe.

#### IRAK AND TURKEY

The Permanent Court of International Justice has given in the Irak frontier dispute an advisory opinion which confirms the British contention that the decision which the League Council is now called upon to take is to be binding upon both parties. It remains to be seen whether the Council, reinforced by the opinion of the Court, will be able to settle the dispute at its meeting in December, or whether it will postpone it in the hope of direct agreement between Great Britain and Turkey. Despite reports of concentration of Turkish troops along the Brussels Line, we do not believe that the Turks would start hostilities in face of the Council's verdict. But if the British Government maintains its demand for the whole villayet, Turkey will lose no opportunity of organizing revolt among the tribes in Mosul. We are not sure that this factor, which no outside body such as the Council could control, has been sufficiently considered by Mr. Amery and his colleagues, although it constitutes a much graver danger than the declaration of war by Turkey in defiance of the whole League.

#### "LIBERTY'S DEAD BODY"

The efforts of the Fascisti to silence the *Corriere della Sera*, to which we referred last week, have already succeeded, since the owners of the paper have declared Senator Albertini's contract null and void. Thus the best and most courageous editor in Italy is compelled to join the rapidly growing ranks of those politicians, professors and writers who are driven into unemployment because they, unlike Signor Mussolini, still believe in liberty and democracy. A week or two ago Senator Frassati sold the *Stampa* and, as the *Mondo* of Rome is now suppressed regularly every day, it may be said that there remains no single Opposition daily paper of any importance in Italy. Even the Bolsheviks in their heyday scarcely did better than this and their invective cannot beat that of Senator Farinacci, the Secretary-General of the Fascista Party, whose paper refers to Albertini as a "ruffian," a "scoundrel," and a "viper who has for so long spat poison at Mussolini." We confess that these are not the terms in which we ourselves should have referred to so high-minded a man as Senator Albertini.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND STRIKES

Nothing could be more desirable than that the Government's plans for dealing with a national emergency consequent on strikes affecting vital services should be made known. So long as there is secrecy about such plans there must be on the part of the general public some doubt whether in fact they exist, and with public timidity there will usually be aggressiveness on the part of the extremists of the Labour movement. The publication of the statement issued at the end of last week has cleared the air. It is now evident to all that the Government has not only the intention of protecting national interests against sectional attack but the co-ordinated means of doing so. That in the main the plans are sound can hardly be

doubted. Particularly wise is the decision to rely in an emergency as far as possible on the normal machinery of supply. The efficiency of the scheme can, of course, be determined only by actual test, which we must hope will not be applied; but the publicity given to it should go a long way towards checking the growth of the belief in extremist circles that the nation can be held to ransom.

#### THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND THE CABINET

Sir John Marriott has made an important point in protesting against the inclusion of the Attorney-General in the Cabinet. As he reminds us, there is no ancient precedent for it. The admission of Lord Reading, then Sir Rufus Isaacs, into the Asquith Cabinet of 1912 was an innovation, for which there was an argument in his great ability but none in constitutional theory. The dual position is obviously unsatisfactory in principle, and may result in damage not only to the prestige of the Government of the day but in loss of the repute of British justice. That the present Attorney-General happens to be a man of marked political talent is not to the point. The presence of the Cabinet's legal adviser within the Cabinet is undesirable, and Sir John Marriott has done well to arrest the hardening of recent practice into fixed precedent.

#### THE RATING AND VALUATION BILL

In itself the Rating and Valuation Bill is hardly the kind of measure to excite general interest, but its importance arises from the fact that it is an essential preliminary to a comprehensive reform of the Poor Law, whereby boards of guardians will be abolished, single local authorities established, and grants to local authorities for the health services put on a sounder basis. The situation in which there is no single authority to judge of the requirements of an area with reference to the financial responsibility it should assume has long been recognized as intolerable. The present Bill makes a useful beginning of the legislation which is to alter that situation. To note but one good thing it does, it at once reduces the number of rating authorities in the countryside from well over 12,000 to little over 600. Incidentally, it gives relief to users of machinery from the curiously varying demands made on them by rating authorities, who in some areas have barely noticed machinery, in others assessed it in full, and in others again based their assessment on horse-power.

#### SADLERS' WELLS

It is not our English way to organize artistic enterprise from Government offices. We have no ministry in which Minerva is bound in red tape from 10 to 5. Accordingly, if we are to avoid the charge of Philistinism, we must be the more eager to assist voluntary effort. In default of a national or a ring of municipal theatres we must build as best we can, and a good chance to help is offered by the plan for reconstructing Sadlers' Wells as a democratic playhouse on the lines of the Old Vic. The historic site is already procured, but to restore the living actor to the stage of Kean, Grimaldi and Phelps a considerable sum is still needed. The Chairman of the Committee is the Duke of Devonshire, and subscriptions are gratefully received by the Treasurer at the Cavendish Club, Piccadilly, W.1.

#### QUEEN ALEXANDRA

WE shall not realize the nature and value of that which Queen Alexandra did for the monarchy and the nation unless we recall the fact that between Elizabeth and Victoria no Queen meant anything to the people in general. It was the achievement of Queen Victoria, at first mainly through her appeal to the chivalry of her subjects, but soon through her peculiar force of character, to recover for the Crown the respect and devotion which her immediate predecessors had in various degrees lost, and Victoria lived to be profoundly venerated. But there was a long period, between the death of the Prince Consort and the great outburst of loyalty in the jubilee of 1887, during which the Queen, secluding herself in her grief, became vague to her people. It was during that period, perhaps, that the gracious lady who is mourned to-day unconsciously and by sheer natural charm and kindness did her most useful work. Her marriage to the future King Edward VII in 1863 was no mere event in the royal circle; it was, as every contemporary record bears witness, a national festival. Her beauty and her instinctive kindness immediately captured the hearts of the people, and at once the royal family and the nation were brought into an intimate relation. Victoria herself gained by the instant popularity of her daughter-in-law, and seemed less aloof because the Princess of Wales was so near to the public.

It has been gently suggested in some of the tributes paid during the last few days to Queen Alexandra's memory that, eminent in beauty and grace and brimming over with kindness as she was, she was not a woman of any exceptional intelligence. But have those who take such a view at all considered the situation in which for three decades she played her part with conspicuous success? A position more difficult than hers could not easily be imagined. On the throne was an aged Queen, highly tenacious of power and influence and by temperament incapable of seeing through the foibles of the Prince of Wales to his solid and very remarkable qualities, but obliged to delegate to him increasingly the discharge of social and formal duties. A very few failures in tact on the part of the Princess of Wales might have made her, in the old Queen's eyes, an argument for restricting the opportunities which were reluctantly given to the Prince of Wales. It is true that the Princess was both extraordinarily beautiful and of utterly blameless character; but it is possible to exaggerate the amount of pleasure an ageing woman takes in the beauty of a younger, and the virtues are most readily admired when there is no question of their possessor being qualified by them to fill the admirer's place. The position, it must be repeated, was such that a few trivial slips might easily have caused the old Queen to suspend almost altogether activities which were essential in the interests of the nation but in which she herself could no longer take the lead. A confident adequacy to such tasks might have been resented even more than inadequacy. But the Princess of Wales discharged her duties with faultless discretion, neither shrinking from them to the detriment of royal prestige nor giving a shadow of excuse for the suspicion that she was anticipating the day when she would, though only as Queen Consort, stand in the old Queen's place.



He who supposes that there was not something like social genius needed for such success judges ignorantly. Queen Alexandra may not have been clever in a self-conscious way, and in truth all kinds of self-consciousness were alien to her; but over and above whatever compliments may have been due to her as in the good sense an amateur artist and musician, she is entitled to warm admiration for her unerring perception, from girlhood and at a Court then foreign to her, of the just limits of her part.

Her royal husband's accession found her, of course, profoundly experienced in all the social duties of her position. The surprising thing is that it did not find her lapsed into formality. In certain respects, her ways were other than those of King Edward, but she had not a little of his gift for taking familiar things as if they were fresh. She remained impulsive. She retained, in particular, her happy inability to regard charity as a matter of routine; and whether as, long ago, in her work for the unemployed or recently in respect of her Rose Day, the nation responded quickly to any charitable lead she gave because it felt that her gifts were not doled out dutifully but given eagerly, with both hands, with a glow of pleasure in the giving. She had the manner which doubles the value of a gift. She gave from the heart, and in her words she could reach the heart.

She has passed away now, but not as most queens, who leave only whatever the sober page of history may tell posterity about them. She has left a legend, of a beautiful Princess coming to us from over the sea to make this island her home and to fill a long life with kind and charming acts and to die loved of all its people. In her childhood, in the home of her parents, she was privileged to listen to Hans Andersen reading his own fairy tales; let the last word about her be that she made it, in a democratic age, easy to understand why the heroines of fairy tales so often were Princesses.

### THE BOUNDARY CRISIS

THE present state of Ireland is one in which—as in all countries in her condition—personalities and not policies are decisive. We do not, therefore, this week intend to view the Boundary crisis as an ordinary political question, as one in which statecraft, interpretation of documents and plotting of areas could be of practical help, but as a matter of psychology. We believe that the best understanding of the question at which Englishmen can arrive—and as the decision is being forced upon them, understand it they must—will be through insight into the character of the men who are responsible for the Free State actions and of their personal position.

In a land where political life has been for so long in the main underground, the present, far more than the absent, are always in the wrong. After the Free State had managed to keep its seat through the critical months of 1923, republicanism was undoubtedly rent. De Valera, a rigid doctrinaire, was a great asset to the government he opposed. His retirement a little while ago into private life, though treated in some quarters as a good sign, was in reality the reverse. Just before retiring he had done the Free State a final service

by declaring that Ireland's financial liability under the Treaty would come to nineteen millions, an estimate which, now that the latest suggestion is that Clause V, on which he based his calculation, might be swapped for Clause XII, may be very useful to peace-makers on both sides. The force behind the Republican movement has always been the spirit of the oath-bound secret society. The feud between the I.R.B. and the I.R.A., there is reason to suppose, came to an end about the same time as De Valera resigned. Informed opinion has held, and has had the all too familiar evidence to confirm it, that for the last couple of months the underground forces of violence have been gaining ground.

There is now a situation in which the government finds itself hedged about with difficulties. Its spectacular scheme of reconstruction and progress is at a standstill, and has alienated labour. An implacable opposition—one that has shown that its ideal is to render the country not only ungovernable but uninhabitable if it cannot rule—is united again after internal divisions, and the people are forgetting what they suffered at Republican hands and are indifferent to the fate of a party which has already been three years in power. In such a situation it is difficult for the maturest of governments to be discreet or far-sighted. The Free State cannot start a foreign war. The temptation to be intransigent about the border is irresistible. How bankrupt Mr. Cosgrave is, even on this question, can be seen by his outbreak in the Dail debate.

In the actual crisis, too, an estimate of the personalities on the Commission is probably our best guide. Mr. Justice Feetham is a lawyer of international reputation. Mr. Fisher, as a good Irishman who actually loves North and South remarked on his appointment by the English Government, is far the best man Ulster could have to represent her, far better than anyone she would have been likely to choose herself, and he too is a lawyer. Doctor McNeill is a scholar. An admirable antiquarian, his knowledge of Ireland's heroic past is so great that he sees the present dimly. He has, too, the scholar's absent-mindedness. It is not possible to conceive that such a man's honest opinion of what passed between him and his two colleagues is comparable as evidence—even if the statement were less confusing than that he has made in the Dail—with their minuted recollection. Doctor McNeill has asserted that pressure was brought to bear on the lawyers, one of them a man of imperial position. The matter is still awaiting further exposition, but with the facts we have reviewed, is it possible to avoid the conclusion that there has been pressure brought—on the Free State member? Still, it may be asked, how could Doctor McNeill have gone as far as there seems documentary evidence that he did? He is not only a scholar. To the last hour on Easter Monday in 1916 it was thought that he was going to lead the Irish Volunteers in the rebellion. Would such a man ever have conceded so much?

Again, the personal equation may guide us. The scholar and the two lawyers—the possibilities of misunderstanding are infinite. That Doctor McNeill would be capable of finesse all who know him know to be impossible. But it is equally impossible to make sense of his statement in the Dail that he “did not pronounce unanimity where there



was none, but purely and simply signed the award in common with the other Commissioners." Somehow he has realized that he has gone too far, and has suddenly broken away. Whether that realization came from within or without, it is disastrous. Such conduct may be unconstitutional, it is certainly undiplomatic. It is probably a grave disservice to his own side, but those who appointed him should have realized that it was all too probable.

To England the issue is now hopelessly confusing. But though no easy solution seems in sight, a summary of the difficulties may be the best approach. The gravest we have left to the last. But it is still a matter of personalities. These men, Mr. Cosgrave, Mr. O'Higgins and Doctor McNeill, we must realize, are in real personal danger. They have offended an organization as pitiless as the *Vehmgericht*; indeed it calls them traitors and they are condemned to death. It is hard for us with our above-board politics to visualize that situation. But if we are to contribute to a better state of affairs, we must face it. Because of such passions, the Boundary question is to-day insoluble. Time only can solve it. There is a frontier to-day inconvenient, absurd, but existing. We agree with Mr. Justice Feetham's reputed opinion: there seems no choice open for England but to keep to that frontier. It will heal if it can be left long enough. But any attempt now to hasten that day by forcible adjustments seems to us, in the present light on the work of the Commission, to delay indefinitely the healing process.

## CAN AMERICA BE CIVILIZED?

BY B. IFOR EVANS

MR. OLIVER HERFORD, the American "Max" and an incomparable New Yorker, once asked a visitor from Kansas "whether they were still fighting the Indians in that part of the country." New York, with some of the Eastern States, is what most visiting Englishmen see of America, and in doing so they miss the diversity, and all those States where metaphorically "the Indian is still being fought." America has finished her pioneering work geographically; the bullock-wagon of the pioneer has been replaced by the offices of realtors, but she is only on the threshold of pioneering the Americas of the mind.

A few months ago I stood on the campus of a Middle-Western University, watching a "commencement" ceremony with the President of that institution. "In America," he said, "we must educate or fail, and we must educate everybody. Look at these students who are about to receive their degrees. They are the sons and daughters, many of them, of first generation emigrants, Italian peasants, Germans, Austrians, and even Bulgarians. We must break through the ignorance of their parents, and through prejudices, and make them thinking Americans." I met the same opinion in Chicago. One who has long been connected with the public life of that city said: "You may look at Chicago and find many things of which you would like to complain: you may think that just over a murder a day is too liberal an allowance even for a big city like this. But remember the material we are

working with. For decades the underworld of Europe, and quite often the refuse of Europe, flowed in here without a check. The explanation of Chicago and perhaps of America is to be found on any news-stand. You will find there not only the *Chicago Tribune* and the *News*, but German, Polish, Italian, and Czech papers. Our task is to educate that cosmopolitan mass, and to make them civilized citizens."

Certainly America is prepared to pay for this transformation of herself into an educated country. When, a few months ago, the University of Pittsburg appealed for funds, seven and a half million dollars were contributed in the first three weeks. The department stores of Pittsburg gave six hundred thousand dollars. Nor is Pittsburg to give itself a conventional University, for finding that ground rents are dear, it is to throw up into the air an enormous intellectual sky-scraper—"The Cathedral of Learning of Pittsburg"—where students will quest for knowledge some forty storeys above the ground. Further west than Pittsburg, in the corn-belt, States have built Universities for themselves on a scale which is bewildering. In one such University I found that the library bill for one year was forty thousand pounds sterling, while the staff of a single department in the same University numbered forty people. Such figures mean that even these Middle-Western Universities have greater resources at their command than any institution in England apart from the old endowed Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In the far west, in California, money is poured out in endless profusion to maintain educational proficiency. One day I was going with an American to visit a Californian University. As we passed a magnificent stone building I asked: "Is that it?" "No," replied the American, "that's the public school." And the public school in America, it must be remembered, is the counterpart of our elementary school.

Education, as wise Americans realize, is not to be found in buildings, just as civilization cannot be found in good roads and an adequate plumbing system: all these things are means to an end. When one leaves the question of equipment, and comes to that of the personnel, the incompleteness of the American system, as Mr. H. A. L. Fisher so frankly told American educators some time ago, becomes apparent. The great Eastern colleges have a tradition of culture comparable with that of the great Universities of Europe. In the South, as Tennessee has shown, education languishes while dogma airs itself in the sun. In the Middle and Far West there is an enormous desire for culture, an aim to educate the whole mass; but the men of the calibre to carry the torch are often lacking. The standards are incredibly low: men and women receive advanced degrees who could not pass the higher forms of University Matriculation in England. There is a pathetic belief in numbers and in size. The stockyards of Chicago are universally known. One is led sometimes to wonder if these great Middle-Western Universities are not intellectual stockyards where the mind of youth is killed, cured, and sent out packed in a uniform but inadequate covering of knowledge. It is not that men of culture do not exist in these areas: they do exist, and in surprisingly large numbers, but their whole energy is taken up in

coping with vast numbers of students. It is the price America is paying in civilizing herself.

Yet when all is said America can point to an educational achievement during the last forty years which no other country in the world can parallel. In places where a generation ago the pioneers struggled against the virgin undergrowth, modern Universities stand to-day fully equipped to do advanced work. A zeal, too, possesses many American students which is as attractive as it is fresh. I met in one Middle-Western University a professional wrestler who was spending his winnings on a University education. In all of these Universities, students "work their way through," by part-time jobs as waiters, librarians, and shop attendants. No one loses caste by such things.

America's main educational problem is whether its men of culture are sufficiently numerous to reduce order into the numberless mass of Demos which is demanding education. At present, even if it is not succeeding in educating them, it is contriving to give them self-respect. Whatever happens, America is at the moment treating education with a greater seriousness and a larger generosity than any country in the world. If she keeps the pace, and if numbers do not kill her, the centre of gravity of culture may well one day move across the Atlantic, as many other things have done.

## AT NAVALCÁN

BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

WE had been riding through the open park-like oak forests that had been sown with corn, now reaped, at the fast jog known as the Castilian pace. It had not rained for months, and the rough trail lay inches deep in dust as white as flour. The greyhounds following us lolled out their tongues like long, red rags, and trotted on resignedly close to the horses' heels. Not a bird stirred in the torrid heat. The air seemed as if heated in a furnace, and a few cattle here and there stood motionless in the dry streams, as if they knew that there was water underneath the surface, although they could not reach it. The bark upon the cork trees scattered among the oaks seemed bursting. Even the lizards appeared to run across the track as if they did so under protest, scared by our horses' feet.

Nicholás checked his lean, roan mare, and stopping in a long account of his adventures in the Manigua of Cuba, where in days past he had served against Maximo Gomez and Macéo, pointing to a conglomeration of brown, dusty houses that clustered round the tower of a church, a mile or two away, said "There is Navalcán." "They will be dancing in the plaza already, Don Roberto," he said, "let us push on and see them in their old dresses, for in Navalcán they still are Spaniards as God made them in days past. Old Cirilo's daughter was married this morning, and we shall be in time to see the fiesta if we spur on a bit."

He settled himself back upon his saddle, and with his face tanned by the tropics and his native sun, his suit of dark grey velveteen, and his short jacket, over which he wore a leather shoulder belt with a great boss of brass stamped

with the arms of the Dukes of Frias, for he was their head gamekeeper, he looked just like the yeoman on the good grey mare that he was riding "a la gineta" who Cervantes has immortalized.

We spurred our horses, passed by the ruined Roman bridge with its high arch spanning the dried-up river, stopped for a moment under a gnarled oak tree, for Nicholás to point out where he had killed a wolf last winter, and diving down a steep path like the bed of a torrent entered the outskirts of the old-world town. Men upon donkeys and on mules, with now and then a horseman sitting high on his semi-Moorish saddle, his feet encased in great shoe iron stirrups, passed us, all going to the feast. Pigs ran about the streets, as much at home as Peter in his house, as Nicholás observed. Children, ragged, bright-eyed and dirty, stared at the passers-by from the doors of houses, as Kaffir children might stare at a strange white man passing before their kraal.

We clattered up a steep and stony lane, the horses' shoes striking a stream of sparks from the rough stones, and got off at the house of one Cirilo, an ex-alcalde of the town. Short, stout, dressed in black velveteen, a broad black sash wound three or four times about his waist, a stiff and broad-brimmed black felt hat upon his head and alpagatas on his feet, he seemed descended apostolically from Sancho Panza, both in appearance and in speech. Our horses were led off by one of Cirilo's sons, just in the way Cervantes describes, when the Knight of the Rueful Figure and his squire arrived at many another such a little town as Navalcán. Assembled in the chief room of the house, adorned with a few pictures of the saints, a curious piece of old embroidery in a black frame, and several trophies of the chase, were all the notabilities. Much did we salute each other, inquiring minutely after the state of health of all our separate families, and being assured that the poor house in which we sat was ours. The mistress of the place and her two tall daughters stood about, talking and bringing wine, lemonade and cakes of meal and honey, with the same white, flaky pastry that the Moors left in Spain and that is to be seen to-day in every house in Fez and Tetuán.

They stood about, sitting down only occasionally and as if under protest, for in old-world places such as Navalcán, women all unknown to themselves have still continued the old Arab custom of never sitting down to eat together with the men. Being strangers in that remote and time-neglected village, we also in a way acted as newspapers. "What of Morocco and the accursed war? Neighbour Remigio has a son there fighting the infidel. He cannot use the pen, so that his father does not know if he is alive or dead." Then with a touch of that materialistic scepticism that is at once the strength and weakness of the race, "The big fish make their harvest out of it, I suppose, for in disturbed rivers, fishermen find their gain." Cirilo took off his hat and wiped his forehead, conscious that by the enunciation of a proverb, he had clinched the matter for all time. Our hats he had begged us to take off, and placed them on a chair, for a guest's hat in old-world towns in Spain is handled with respect.

The conversation ran a good deal on the price of pigs, of mules, sheep, horses and other matters that men of culture take their delight in talking of the



Dramatic Personae. No. 179.

By 'Globe'

SIR HENRY SLESSOR, K.C., M.P.



whole world over. All governments were bad, and politics the ruin of a country, they all agreed; and yet none of them ever in his life lifted a hand to change a government, but talked of politics for hours. The clergy, too, were rogues who did no work of any kind, were drones and cumberers of the earth, yet they all went religiously to mass, and when the parish priest came round to drink a glass of wine with us, all rose up courteously to do him reverence. A native of Asturias, a province he described as quite a paradise, the priest gave it as his opinion that England was by degrees emancipating herself from the bonds of the heresy that Henry VIII and his accursed concubine, Ana Bolena, had promulgated. I said I thought it might be so, and that when all was said and done Ana Bolena had paid dearly, both for her carnal lapses and her heresy. As one who is enunciating an eternal verity, Father Camacho rejoined in a grave voice, "Sir, she is burning in hell fire for all eternity." I left it at that, hoping the faggots might be after all made of asbestos and the poor sinner's sufferings mitigated by the intervention of Jehovah's other self, Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate.

After a round of the strong, harsh, red wine that in those parts is jocularly referred to as "Peléon," that is, the fighter, whether from its effects upon the stomach or the brain is doubtful, washed down with sweet and sticky lemonade, Cirilo said the dancing in the plaza had begun. The ceremony in the church had taken place at eleven in the morning, so that the happy pair were actually joined in holy matrimony, or as the country people say, "married in Latin," and in their new estate were welcoming their friends.

Outside the door the strains of the dulzaina, the Arab pipe the Moors left in Spain, accompanied by the sacramental drum, mixed with the blare of a brass band. The little winding streets were like the beds of torrents, with great live rocks coming to the surface, worn smooth and slippery by the passing feet of mules and horses since Navalcán was Navalcán. Men passed who might have stepped out of past centuries, all in the old Castilian peasant's dress, made of black velveteen, short jackets, open waistcoats and frilled shirts with broad brimmed black felt hats worn over handkerchiefs bound round their heads with the ends hanging down like tails. Where the streets were free from rocks the white dust lay so thickly that the feet of the passers-by, all shod with alpargatas, made no more sound than if it had been snow on which they walked. Now and again, above the music of the band, came a wild cry from one of the excited village youths, so like the neighing of a horse, it seemed impossible that it was not a stallion calling to a mare.

A mass of country people filled the middle of the square. Only one man, a neighbouring proprietor, was dressed in modern clothes. The women, for the most part, wore gay coloured petticoats, giving them a look of humming tops as they moved to and fro. Over their skirts they had a long lace apron, worked in elaborate openwork designs, that in most cases had been generations in their families. Under their short basque jackets their loose white blouses, elaborately worked and frilled, swelled out like pouter pigeons' crops. Their heads were bare, and their thick hair, as black as jet, was parted in the middle, brushed close

against their cheeks and plaited into two long pigtails, hanging down their backs. All wore gold earrings worked in filigree, and round their necks strings of gold beads, heirlooms from older days. Their feet were shod with dark, brown leather shoes, latched on the instep and cut in open patterns by a rustic shoemaker. Though they were peasants they all walked with the incomparable carriage of the women of their race, with the slight motion of the hips that sets the petticoats a-swinging, just as a horse's tail swings very gently to and fro at the Castilian pace.

The dancers formed a long line down the middle of the square, the men and women standing opposite each other. The bride and bridegroom stood in the middle of the line. The bride, tall, handsome, dark, and active on her feet as a wild colt, wore a silk skirt almost concealed under the folds of old-fashioned coarse lace that had belonged to her great-grandmother. Upon her head she wore the "Cresta," a high knot of ribbon shaped something like a coxcomb, to show she had never made a slip of any kind. This badge, the people said, was getting rarer than it used to be for brides, a circumstance that they attributed to the decay of morals, that had been going on continuously for the last five hundred years. This bride upheld the ancient purity of Castilian morals in spite of being five and twenty years of age. It somehow made one think about the girl who had received the prize of virtue five years running, and in the comic opera remarked, "Oui, cinq fois rosière, c'est joli mais cristi! que c'est dur."

The bridegroom, a tall, swarthy youth, who had already an anticipatory air of cuckoldom about him, between excitement and the wine that he had evidently drunk, was streaming down with sweat. Still when the band, placed just beneath the village cross, struck up a lively Jota, he capered nimbly, first with one girl, then with another, snapping his fingers like a pair of castagnettes, with his arms held above his shoulders and waving to and fro. A thick, white dust covered the dancers' old-fashioned dresses, as it were with flour, and falling on the women's black and glossy hair gave it a look of being powdered, not unbecoming to them.

When the band stopped from sheer exhaustion and the dulzaina players' cheeks were for a spell deflated, great pitchers of rough earthenware full of the heady country wine were handed round among the crowd. They drank, first looking toward the bride and wishing her long life and many children, then drew the back of their brown, toil-stained hands across their mouths, tightened their sashes, and after taking one of the black and coarsely made cigars the bridegroom went about offering to everybody from a brown paper parcel, fell to a-dancing, with the cigars behind their ears. Wild goats or antelopes could not have been more active than the youths and maidens, and the wind and perseverance of the band were wonderful. The elders stood about in groups, smoking the rank ill-made cigars that a paternal government in Spain provides at its own prices to its citizens.

The band ceased suddenly, without a warning, just as a gypsy song ends, on a long drawn-out note. The men, after the fashion of their kind the whole world over, collected into groups and criticized the girls as they walked to and fro with their arms round each other's waists. Great tables were laid out in the patio of a house, with rows of

pitchers filled with wine and round hard rolls upon the spotless tablecloth, making one think of Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' and hope no Judas would intrude upon the feast. In the house where the happy pair were going to reside, their friends and neighbours all had brought their offerings. Jugs, pots, pans, washing basins, hoes, spades and axes, great skins of wine, salt, sugar, coffee; innumerable bundles of cigars, adzes and planes, saws, gimlets and almost every article of rural life lay piled upon the floor. A load of wood, sacks of potatoes, with jars of olives and of oil, recalled a wedding such as Theocritus might have celebrated.

Then, entering the house the bride received us, and all the strangers, who had not come provided with their household offerings, presented five or ten dollars to the bridegroom, who thanked them fluently in such well-chosen language as few dwellers in the north, men of much more education than himself, could hope to compass. He handed all the money to the bride, who put it carefully into a bag she carried by her side, and thanked the givers, who once again wished her health and happiness with many children and long drawn-out years, with self-possession and the grave air of dignity that comes so naturally to the Castilians. Cirilo hoped that she would imitate her mother, who had thirteen children, and his daughter, smiling at him, rejoined that she would try.

In an inside apartment, that in Spain is called an alcove, without a window and stiflingly hot, was placed the marriage bed. Full five feet from the ground it stood, with mattress upon mattress piled mountains high, a great lace valence worked by the bride herself in antique patterns of men on horseback, tall cypresses, and crosses here and there, swept down and touched the floor. The coverlet was lace, made by the mother of the bride and by her sisters, and the four curtains hanging from the posts were of a curious kind of needlework, exactly like that made by the Moorish women in North Africa. In a dark outhouse, outside the bridal chamber with its four-poster bed, were laid a plank or two, covered with several sheepskins and a rug. This Spartan couch tradition had provided for the bridegroom, who had to occupy it till the last guest retired.

Once more Cirilo took us to his house, and once again regaled us with wine and lemonade, cakes, coffee, and with old-world sweetmeats, made of the kernels of a pine cone, stewed in honey, into a sticky little slab. We mounted at his door, with all his family holding the stirrups and the reins; wished him farewell with a cascade of thanks, and picked our way through the dark streets, our horses plunging wildly now and then, for from each door the citizens were sending rockets whizzing through the air, and serpents ran along the stones, exploding loudly and shedding a blue glare upon the ground.

Outside the town, when we had got a pull upon our horses, the moon had risen, making the bushes take fantastic shapes, and look like animals, ready to spring upon us. The mountains of the Gredos looked unearthly in the moonlight, the shrill cicalas kept up a continuous singing, and neither Nicolás nor I said anything for a mile or two, till turning round he asked me, "Have you seen anything like that in England, Don Roberto?" to which I answered "No."

## A DANGEROUS TRADE

BY GERALD GOULD

IT is a melancholy reflection that teachers are prevented, by their profession, from being fit to teach.

Mind you, I do not select the teaching profession for reprobation. I hold teachers in appropriate awe. But all tasks contain the germ of their own corruption, and the more splendid the task, the less likely is anybody to be fit for it. The higher you go, the fewer: and "lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

Teaching calls for minds so rich and hearts so large that it would be a miracle if the supply met the demand. It is a miracle that the supply goes as far towards meeting the demand as it does. But some of the difficulties are unnecessary, some of the conditions factitious. That the mere difference of age and status makes an insuperable gulf between teacher and taught I do not for a moment believe: two creatures do not need to be alike in order to be companionable: it is not, after all, invariably disastrous for a man to marry a woman: and I do not see why a schoolmaster should not get on very well in sympathetic comradeship with boys, or a schoolmistress with girls, if each side will bring its differences, in a mood of humility, to the common stock of understanding. That a boy is a boy, and therefore a strange, shy, secretive inhabitant of a world of cheerful shibboleths and terrible taboos: that a man is a man, and therefore as strange as a boy, and strange differently—this is not the heart of the trouble. "Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people." So said Lamb: and for once I cannot agree with him. The companionship is all right—provided it is companionship. What is wrong is the pretence which exalts difference into superiority. A master is expected to go upon stilts: he finds his feet, away up there, with some awkwardness. The hungry sheep look up and are not amused.

The heart of man is unregenerate; there is a deep democracy of sin. Which of us "grown people" can boast to have outgrown the childish impulses of egoism and greed? When we rebuke those faults as from above, we are humbugs. The master knows that he is being a humbug—knows it, at least, in the early days of his bondage: gradually, in too many cases, he seems to himself what he has pretended to be in class: the vanity of usherdom, the poison of prerogative, have done their work. He becomes a Pharisee.

The trouble, of course, is not confined to schools. Wherever anybody is set on high, the height is a danger: wherever anybody takes himself too seriously, it is past a joke: wherever there is assumption of rectitude, there is the baseness of a lie. Judges and magistrates, the parson in the pulpit, the sergeant-major on parade—will any one of them look into his heart and deny the impeachment? To hold office without insolence, to profess goodness without impiety, to rebuke the faults of others as one condemning himself for his own part in the fellowship of the faulty—these are hard ideals. The teacher cannot hope to live up to them, any more than judge or priest. But he can try.

I have said that there are factitious difficulties over and above this central one. There is the appalling legend of authority. I remember that my old headmaster laughed at me for being so obviously terrified of him. "I shall not eat you," he said; but I did not believe him. Yet to me, in fact, he was never anything but generous and kind. And the legend may be killed with kindness: already, I fancy, it is ailing. The boys and girls of to-day regard their teachers sometimes as friends, sometimes as nuisances, sometimes as jokes—rarely as monsters. It is a great gain.

Another pitfall for masters and mistresses is what I may call the domestic. That, perhaps, is a pitfall for us all; but most of us fall into it in a decent seclusion. Those little intimate plays upon words, begotten by reminiscence upon sentiment: those quips and teasings whose very point is their pointlessness, so beguilingly do they hang on the listener's charity: those verbal nurselings of the nursery—they are well enough among ourselves; but how small, naked and pitiful must they show to the cold eye of a stranger! They flourish in the domestic atmosphere, and the atmosphere is their excuse. But schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are under the constant temptation to have the family joke without the family. The world of school is so small, and needs—heaven knows!—so much alleviation, that the tricks of the tongue are accorded an artificial welcome. Catchwords tend to be repeated, anecdotes to be o'erlaboured. A small matter, you say? Small in itself, no doubt, but symptomatic of matters not small: of narrowness, of unreality, of seclusion from the big rumours and activities of the world.

Partly this comes because teachers move round in a circle. They go from school to college, from college back to school—sometimes even to the very schools that bred them: and in a way it is a compliment to the teacher that his own old school desires his return, and a compliment to the school that he returns gladly. But he has missed something. His experience has been too uniform. I suggested, many years ago, a "swap-over" of teachers, to avoid this uniformity. Public school masters, I said, should teach in the elementary public schools: elementary teachers at Eton and Harrow. You would at any rate get a mixture, a change of point of view, a variety of experience, by that method. But nobody took any notice of my suggestion.

Such are the limitations, the snares, the perils. Education, like journalism or the law, is a dangerous trade, and there are many accidents in it to heart and mind. But schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, like the rest of humanity, astonish us rather by their superiority to temptation than by the weakness of their yielding. I began by saying that teachers are not fit to teach. But then preachers are not fit to preach, nor writers to write. Human activities presuppose god-like qualities, and the fact that we feel ourselves disappointing and disappointed is in itself a large measure of grace. To teach, to take the infinite responsibility of moulding but not coercing the tender mind—why, geniuses and saints might boggle at the job! And we have all known places, unadvertised and unrecorded, where children have been taught by saints, geniuses, heroes and heroines—on extremely small salaries. It is

astonishing, in a life so narrow, that many remain so broad. But there can be little doubt that many more stand in need of broadening. Or of lowering. For the stilts are the trouble.

## THE THEATRE

### ALL SORTS

BY IVOR BROWN

*The Doll's House.* By Henrik Ibsen. The Playhouse.

*The Dramatist.* By Frederick Reynolds. East London College (November 19).

*Crossings.* By Walter de la Mare. Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith (November 19 and 20).

*The Ghost Train.* By Arnold Ridley. St. Martin's Theatre.

WRITING of 'The Doll's House' twenty-eight years ago G. B. S. remarked of Mr. Courtenay Thorpe's Torvald Helmer that "Ibsen has in this case repeated his old feat of making an actor's reputation." Henrik may be said to have done it again. That may sound discourteous to Miss Madge Titheradge, whose magnificent impersonation of Nora (on a peculiarly difficult occasion) made a first-night audience applaud a play of Ibsen's as though the piece had been called 'No, No, Torvald,' and there had been substitution of fox-trot for tarantella. Miss Titheradge had, of course, a high reputation for her manipulation of Mr. Milne's porcelain figures and for her lightness of touch with the brittle trifles of light comedy. But now we know more. A week or two ago I complained that acting was being manicured out of existence amid the boudoir-furniture of our frail but fashionable fun. Miss Titheradge has shown that she at any rate can breathe the larger air, when managers are brave enough to admit it, and finds the atmosphere so nipping and so eager that all her powers are heightened as by magic. For the sociologist Nora has long ceased to be a new woman, but for actress and playgoer she can make new women still.

Helmer's little lark is a bird of passage who must first flutter in the nest and then show fine spread of wing. Miss Titheradge was admirable in first flight as in last; all the artificiality that artificial comedy has forced upon her style vanished. Her sincerity and intelligence fairly lifted the play along, and the lark soared to conquer on the north-east wind that Ibsenism still has power to discharge into the tired hot-house air of the theatre. Mr. Milton Rosmer played Torvald with such ebullience of spirit as one would attribute to a man in Dickens, and I do not see why Torvald should not be embodied as the egregious ass of Mr. Rosmer's invention. This part follows an equally emphasized portrait of young Ekdal, and I believe that Mr. Rosmer is perfectly right to give us a dash of the "twopence coloured" in Ibsenite revivals. There has been far too much of the penny plain in our repertorial Ibsenism, in whose bleak air it would have been blasphemy to suggest that Henrik had a sense of humour.

The production, dressed back into bustle and buttoned boots for the ladies and whiskers and frock-coats for the gentry, is good from beginning to end, and I hope that "The Pilgrims," who launched it, will find enough money in their purse later on to give us one of the Strindberg counter-



blasts on behalf of the mere man. The idea that the two Scandinavians should be set to worry each other in the cock-pit of a theatre of ideas is Mr. Shaw's. I submit that the revival of enthusiasm for Ibsen gives an intelligent management a first-rate chance to put it into execution. Meanwhile, 'The Doll's House' remains a masterpiece, though the urgency of its message has dwindled; and being a masterpiece, it gives English acting a chance to be masterly instead of dandiacal and debonair. The constant playgoer soon develops a loose memory; that is fortunate, since nature thus heals the wounds inflicted by man and manager. But two or three times a year something indelible is written on the mind. The driving intensity of this Nora is one of them.

Professor Allardyce Nicoll is giving practical effect at the East London College to his exploration of eighteenth-century by-ways. He regards old plays as things to be acted for pleasure and not as mere food for critical powder. It must have meant much hard work to organize so good a single performance of this brisk and bustling skit on the mingled pomposity and cunning of the literary man. Going to College student-wise, I observed the following points. That Sheridan and Goldsmith were by no means the only pebbles on their beach, Reynolds being quite a presentable chunk of quartz; item, that Mr. Norman V. Norman can get into silks and periwig with uncommon relish and skill, and be the life and soul of any eighteenth-century party; item, that intelligent repertory companies (amateur or professional) should keep an eye on these revivalist occasions which, it should be mentioned, occur within a house-agent's stone-throw of Stepney Green Station. Application to Professor Nicoll for news of coming events will be profitable not only to students of the period but to amateurs of rattling comedy.

Giving advice to managers is such a general and easy pastime that the recipients of counsel are hardly to be blamed for taking no notice. However, I cannot help handing out a tip for once. My "nap" then for the Christmas Stakes is Mr. de la Mare's charming play 'Crossings,' which contains enough real children to please the young and is yet "fairyfied" to satisfy the adult's insatiable lust for elfish ditherings. Mr. de la Mare, of course, does not dither, and he can be fanciful without emptying treacle all over the desk. His play is witty, human, and delicate. It might be given a dose of producer's tonic to equip it for the endurance of a "run." In any case it must not go back to the shelf.

'The Ghost Train' should suit the Christmas excursion traffic. It lands you in Cornwall by dead of night at the kind of rustic station where spooks are as common as milk-cans and the company's rules about the transport of explosives are diligently broken. The directorate of the South Cornwall Joint Railway were evidently careless fellows. They allowed spectral locomotives to gambol on the lines without inquiry and employed a station-master who might have "starred" in Grand Guignol or 'The Duchess of Malfi.' One of the cast took to drink on a stupefying scale and slept through the last two acts; on many of our first-nights such a precedent would be fatally attractive, but on this occasion your critic remained scrupulously awake and mildly entertained.

## ART

## VISION AND IMAGINATION

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

*The International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers. Royal Academy.*

*Drawings. By Paul Nash. Mayor Gallery, 37 Sackville Street.*

SOME time ago, when I was preparing a monograph on him, Mr. Paul Nash supplied me with his view of nature in words. Many painters are inclined to the arrogant assumption that we ought to see all they mean in their work, and they refuse to "explain" themselves. It is perfectly true, of course, that any painter working in a recognized tradition should be able to make himself clear in paint, but where, like Mr. Nash, he is working in an idiom of his own, he may gracefully help us, in the workaday medium of language, to understand just what he would be at. "Nature," said Mr. Nash, "is the painter's oracle to be consulted humbly but construed imaginatively." And again, "the painter, faced with the confusing intricacy of landscape, must see beyond the details of superstructure to the inner organization of essential forms."

Any object may be looked at in three ways: it may be superficially perceived, half with the eyes, half with the mind, in the manner of bad painters and most of us; it may be examined so fixedly that it dissolves into a series of details and loses emotional and constructional unity, and in this way the pre-Raphaelites and botanists see; or, finally, it may be seen imaginatively and synthetically. This latter way, the way of the true artist, means simply that having learnt the object by the first two ways of seeing, the aesthetic faculty discovers a formula by which both mass effect and detail may be conveyed, together with the artist's understanding of them. All great art is in the nature of formula, but all great artists find their own formulæ, and never apply them twice over; so that when we say Mr. Peter Graham paints by formula we mean a very different thing from saying that Mr. Nash paints by formula. The one never gets beyond the first superficial seeing, and repeats his rough approximation of that as a parrot repeats a sentence, "signifying nothing"; the other sees each problem in all three stages, and makes a fresh statement.

The Royal Academy exhibition is full of men who would a-painting go, whether their vision gives them the slightest encouragement or no. There are so many canvasses at Burlington House, and they are so clever and so dreary. Here stand out fine decorative designs by M. A. Jacovleff, some of them, like the swarthy nude, No. 116, most satisfactorily modelled, others psychologically incisive, like 'Au Café de la Rotonde.' There M. Louis Buisseret's two nudes display a sincere love and knowledge of flesh, and Mr. A. R. Thomson's 'Unfinished' and 'Two Models' revive the interest in him which was awakened recently at the Chenil Galleries. Herr Carl Hofer shows a dramatic and brutal painting,

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

In view of certain statements that have been made, we think it desirable to say that Sir Edward Mackay Edgar disposed of the whole of his interest in the SATURDAY REVIEW more than two years ago.

'Rising Sun,' in which linear rhythm in the nude is certainly achieved, Herr Leo Baronet von Koenig an attractive and intelligent 'Portrait of a Young Lady,' and Herr Ferdinand Kitt a passionately conceived 'Descent from the Cross.' And then there are Monet and Manet, Renoir and Degas. We knew they could paint, and of what use to say it again in the brief compass of a current notice? And there is Mr. Epstein. Of course, when all's said and done and the cheap papers have filled out their petty space from day to day, and though

The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,  
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.

we all know the difference between a barber's block and 'Sunita': we all know Mr. Epstein can sculpt.

Once, when Sir Herbert Tree heard a solitary man in the gallery who hissed against thunders of applause, he waved his hand, I have heard, and said: "I agree with you, my friend. But what are we against so many?" What are these few works against the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers?

Let us turn back to Mr. Nash. Here is a painter whose work has shown a steady and logical improvement, of which we see one stage at the Mayor Gallery. The "confusing intricacy of landscape" is reduced to simple but accurate statements of architectural form. I say "simple" because that is the effect which they produce: the process of producing them is, however, infinitely subtle and complex. A form, the rolling hill, for example, is suggested by the most carefully graduated tones, the most sympathetically directed lines, and that suggestion being made, quite sufficiently and emphatically, Mr. Nash stops. Why fill in all the rest of the white paper, and get back to the old "confusing intricacy"? This passage is of a certain colour. Why fill it all in, as a child "colours" a line print? A note of the colour is sufficient. These are water colours: their medium is for immediate effects, an old truth that needs no re-statement, or should need none but for the blockheads who are as afraid of a hinted form as they are of a hinted scandal. And yet, of course, innuendo says so much more than nudity, and Mr. Nash than Birkett Forster. If there must be scandal, let it be behind fans and not in the Sunday crime-sheets: if there must be water-colour, let it, too, practise an intriguing reticence. Personally, I am all for water-colour, or I should not love art. I am all for scandal, too, or I should not be human. Let us be frank.

### NOTICE

¶ For the third week in succession supplies of the SATURDAY REVIEW were exhausted on Monday morning, despite a further large increase in the printing order. While this steady rise in circulation is very gratifying, it leads to temporary difficulties in maintaining supplies and we beg intending purchasers who have been disappointed to bear with us. This week's issue has been printed in quantities which we believe will satisfy every demand.

¶ Next week we shall publish a special Christmas Number, with a coloured cover designed by Mr. George Sheringham and contributions by Walter de la Mare, Hugh Walpole, A. A. Milne, and many others. There is certain to be an increased demand for this number, and readers are advised to place a definite order for it.

### THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

THE best scenes in the Comedy are not always performed before the footlights. When the curtain is down and the audience have departed, the dressing-rooms still provide a stage for comedies, tragedies and farces. The theatre at Westminster is no exception to the rule. The galleries may be empty, the reporters may be yawning, the members who still listen to the debate may wonder how the Speaker is keeping awake, but in the Committee rooms, the smoking rooms and the Lobby the comedy is still in full swing.

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Sheridan himself, greatest of comic writers, greatest of Parliamentary orators, might covet the present situation of the Liberal Party as the subject of a comedy which should surpass 'The Rivals' or 'The School for Scandal.' For the leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons has produced a policy, which is always a rash and an unnecessary thing for an Opposition to do—especially for an Opposition that has no immediate prospect of exchanging its position of irresponsibility for one of power. In spite of previous and unpropitious experiences in the realm of agriculture, Mr. Lloyd George has gone back to the land. He has attempted to rally the scattered and diminished forces of Liberalism to the time-worn battle cry of "Down with the Landlords," and it is already apparent to his lieutenants, all of whom see themselves as his potential successors, that he has failed.

\* \* \*

They have therefore decided to scrap a policy that makes no appeal, but when they inform their revered leader of this intention he replies by closing the lid of the party cash box over which he happens to exercise control, sitting himself thereon and calmly informing his zealous supporters that if they don't like his policy they shan't draw their pay. Consternation ensues, for the hat that was sent round ten months ago in the hope of collecting a million pounds is not a quarter full, and the Liberal Party, which has always thrived on the support of the richest men in the country, shivers at the thought of reduced rations. It is a situation to which only the pencil of Mr. Max Beerbohm could do justice—Mr. Lloyd George sitting on the money box, blandly smiling at the kneeling figures of Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman and Sir Alfred Mond imploring him to disgorge his treasure.

\* \* \*

Nor does the internal condition of the Labour Party appear to be much more enviable. Some of them have adopted the motto that revolution begins at home and have set up the standard of revolt against their own leader. Mr. Lansbury appears to have been selected as the figure-head of this minority movement. Mr. Wheatley, whom prophets have designated as the successor of Mr. MacDonald, has not put in an appearance in the House of Commons during this session, and he would in any case be too intelligent to allow himself to be placed in the position of heading a rebellion which has at present no supporters. If Mr. Wheatley strikes it will be when the iron is hot.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile Mr. MacDonald would be ill-advised to regard as negligible a movement which can certainly do him very little harm at the present time. He may well feel confident that nobody in his senses would seek to depose him in order to put Mr. Lansbury in

his place, but it may well be that behind the genial and probably unconscious form of the Member for Bow and Bromley an intrigue is being conducted which in the fullness of time may prove fatal to the present leader of the Labour Party.

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The "Ginger" group on the extreme left has, of course, its counterpart among the extremists of the Tory Party. They also are dissatisfied with the slow progress of events and as their patron saint they have adopted no less a person than the Home Secretary. His partiality for prosecuting Communists, his reluctance to deal with factory reform, his recent pronouncements against expenditure on education have endeared him to the hearts of those who can afford to sit for safe Conservative constituencies. Sir William Joynson-Hicks is a cleverer man than Mr. Lansbury, but the Prime Minister has less cause to fear the former than has Mr. MacDonald to keep his eye on the machinations that lurk behind the latter. For if there is one political axiom that we can learn from history it is that Right Wing parties may afford to disregard their extremists, but that Left Wing parties may not. The Conservative is not cast out by the Reactionary, but the Revolutionary is a perpetual menace to the Reformer.

\* \* \*

The Rating and Valuation Bill which has formed the staple article of this week's diet is not a measure which provokes either enthusiasm or acrimony. It has afforded those who can deal at great length with very small points a fine field for the display of their talents, and it has afforded Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Kingsley Wood yet another opportunity of demonstrating their complete grasp of a subject, their remarkable talents for clear and succinct exposition, and, above all, their admirable Parliamentary manner and unflinching fund of good humour.

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The only opportunity for oratory occurred on Monday when the leaders of the three parties paid a tribute to the memory of Queen Alexandra. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald were upon this occasion equally admirable, both speaking with obvious sincerity and striking exactly the note that appealed to the House of Commons.

FIRST CITIZEN

## THE FOUR ELEMENTS IN AGRICULTURE

### III—COLLECTIVE MARKETING

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

ADVISEDLY one does not talk about "co-operative" marketing, for although the first agricultural co-operative society saw the light in England in 1867, and although strenuous endeavours have been made since to make English farmers co-operate, there is little or no real agricultural co-operation in our country to-day, so that one is left in doubt if co-operative marketing will eventually be proved the most suitable method for English farmers. That enormous financial advantages would be gained by the farming community if it brought and sold its goods in bulk through its own organizations has been demonstrated *ad nauseam*. That co-operation played a very large part in putting the bankrupt farmers of

Denmark on their feet in 1880 has also become a platitude; co-operation carries the additional advantages of educating its members and improving the standard of their produce, besides saving money and keeping profits within the industry; but for some reason or other the farmers of Britain have never given it their proper support. It is worth while to consider what these reasons are.

In the first place British farmers are individualists; they have never had any feeling of working together as followers of one calling, and there has been a tendency to watch the activities of the man on the other side of the hedge with a vague sense of hostility rather than of interest. Secondly, the Danish problem of collecting farm produce and exporting it abroad is a far simpler one than our own of collecting it and then de-centralizing it throughout the country. There is always the small dealer ready to make a competitive bid; always the market round the corner that will offer a temporarily better price than the co-operative society to get custom. The result is that members regard their society not as their own, but merely as one of many rival concerns, so that they only use it if it suits them. This is not co-operation in any sense of the word, for the first axiom of co-operation is that the society be given the unquestioning and unqualified loyalty of its members. Further, the large farmers are just big enough to stand on their own, they have not to choose between co-operation or annihilation—and too many of the smaller farmers are in the hands of the dealers, who advance them money and so hold them captive. Lastly, tenants do not make good co-operators. It was not until Denmark, Holland and Ireland bred a race of freeholders that co-operation made headway in these countries.

But this is not all. The farmers would indeed be foolish if they rejected a perfectly run system of marketing that obviously held so many advantages; but the movement has been run anything but perfectly. An unhappy blight seems to have fallen on its administration ever since the first differences between the Agricultural Organization Society and the Co-operative Union. The Agricultural Wholesale Society followed and went bankrupt, a monumental failure of bad management and bad business. Since then numbers of co-operative bacon factories and co-operative trading societies have followed in the unbusinesslike footsteps of the A.W.S., meeting with similar disasters. It must suffice to say here that their failure has been largely due to bad management and lack of machinery for enforcing the support of members, in turn the result of employing amateur business men as administrators. They have not spared themselves in the work they have done for nothing; they have given of their best, and are worthy of all the admiration and gratitude the farming community can give; but the direction of big trading concerns is not anybody's job, and the farming instinct and the business brain are seldom found in one individual. It is significant that in countries where the movement has prospered men have been specially selected and paid to lead and administer it. In Denmark, for instance, it did not "just growed," but met with the same prejudice, the same lack of voluntary loyalty, as over here, and the Danes found it necessary to devise education to foster its adoption, and to frame rules for societies that made the support of their members compulsory. Further, they sent advocates of the movement among those whose allegiance they sought, and they chose for this men who could speak the language of the humbler agriculturist, win his sympathy and understand his point of view. They grasped the fact that co-operation must depend not so much upon the prizes it can afford to win adherents as upon the process of creating good co-operators.

If, then, co-operation is to succeed among the larger farmers of England, it seems that an alteration of methods must be found to adapt it to the facts of rural



psychology and sound economics. Lately a new phase has begun to appear in agricultural co-operation in which the Co-operative Wholesale Society is leading the farmers' societies by the hand. It has undoubtedly done good work in this respect, and so far has shown itself irreproachably honest in all its eagerness to help them; but, to take a long view, there are at least potential dangers in allowing a concern, essentially interested in the consumer's point of view, to obtain increasing influence in a producer's society, and there is a further risk that it may not be so much creating a co-operative spirit as covering up, with its vast resources of money, markets and business ability, the rents in the tattered garment of collective agricultural effort. Is it, one must ask, really helping to make good co-operators of those who were wholly or partially unconverted?

From the causes of these failures it may be possible to deduce useful lessons for future guidance, but even if they were applied to agricultural co-operation, it still might not succeed on account of the individualistic point of view of the large English farmer. Then the only alternative would be the farmers' joint stock company, run absolutely as a capitalist undertaking, with a large body of farmer-shareholders who would reap in dividends what co-operation would have given in lower expenses and better prices. Such companies exist in America and Canada and are said to be doing well, and although they have not the moral value of co-operative societies in educating their members to produce a sound standard article and work together for the good of the industry, yet under them the farmers would be far better off than at present, where they stand each one separately trying to compete with organized bodies of seedsmen, implement manufacturers, fertilizer and feeding-stuff merchants, dealers, distributors and consumers. Mr. Montague Fordham\* estimates that the waste in distribution of home produce averages £150,000,000 a year, and that nearly another £30,000,000 is wasted by farmers in their methods of buying manures, seeds, implements, etc.

However events shape themselves, sooner or later the farmers must realize that they dare not any longer be the only unorganized link in the business of food production. But so far we have only considered the essentials of collective marketing for the larger type of farmer. For the small-holder there can be no two opinions. For him co-operation is a necessity, and therefore it is a simpler problem. Money for the shares he takes up in his society would be a more important item to him, therefore he would be more interested in it; joint stock companies for him are out of the question because of his limited capital. The very small quantities that he buys and sells make it even more essential for him to join with others to get fair prices, and his own labour on his holding is less easily spared for time off in bargaining at market. He would not have the time or inclination for sitting as a member of Finance and Executive Committees, but would employ trained men to do it for him, and living more in colonies than the widespread farmers of many acres, the daily collection of his milk, butter, eggs, fruit, etc., would be a comparatively easy problem, as also the delivery of his requirements. Co-operation in his case would have the best of all incentives—the need to practise it or perish. Established on the land with a full sense of security, educated to his job and to taking a broad view, with his own society, administered by experts, and to which he need not feel the suspicion of interests opposed to his own, there would be good reason for hoping for his success as a co-operator—success so essential to any small-holding scheme that it might even be found wise to make patronage of the co-operative society a condition of eligibility for a holding.

\* 'The Rebuilding of Rural England.' By Montague Fordham. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.

## PEDLAR'S PACK

**A**FTER repeated alarms and excursions, it is now certain that Mussolini will not come to London to sign the Pact. I learn on good authority that he was informed by the British Government that his personal safety in this country could not be guaranteed. No doubt this will be officially denied, but I believe it to be true. Whatever may be thought of Mussolini, it is surely a shocking state of affairs when the Prime Minister of a Great Power, in his capacity as representative of his nation, is warned off our shores because his safety cannot be guaranteed.

\* \* \*

That pillar of Christianity and Conservatism, the Very Reverend W. R. Inge, D.D., contributed a stimulating article to a daily newspaper on Thursday on the subject of urban versus rural populations in Europe. By a remarkable coincidence, a very large part of the substance of his article is contained in a book published some months ago, called 'Social Classes in Post-War Europe,' by Mr. Lothrop Stoddard. The similarity between the arguments of Mr. Stoddard and the Dean is almost uncanny; some of the parallels of fact and phraseology are extraordinarily close; in one instance the words used are almost exactly the same in book and article. Dean Inge is clearly unfamiliar with Mr. Stoddard's book, for he makes no reference or acknowledgment to it, a thing which as a Christian gentleman (and an experienced journalist) he would of course have done had he been under any obligation to it. We are therefore left to the conclusion that telepathy or blind chance have put the same ideas independently into two heads. This is very interesting.

\* \* \*

The London cinemas must be congratulated on an acute stroke of business. The theatres and music-halls unanimously decided to close on Friday out of respect for the memory of Queen Alexandra. The cinemas decided to open as usual in the evening—thereby affording the chance of reaping a rich harvest at the expense of the theatres—but made a perfunctory gesture of respect by closing between the hours of 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. This device for making the best of both worlds may be commended for its sharpness more easily than for its good manners. It would have served the cinemas right had a public with a stronger sense of these qualities stayed at home on that night, and they had burned their lights and paid their staffs to no purpose.

\* \* \*

The second matinee of the Fiim Society, given at the New Gallery last Sunday, should have proved to the most sceptical that the film has real possibilities as an art. The principal item on the programme—a version of 'Cinderella,' by Ludwig Berger—is so much ahead of the average commercial film that one is tempted to overpraise it. Set in a period of South German baroque, it contained many moments of magical beauty; seldom have nature and art been so happily combined on the screen. There were real and original touches of character and insight—a very human witch and a step-mother and sisters who had beautiful faces but ugly souls. It is said that the commercial film renters decline to touch 'Cinderella' for the grotesque reason that the prince is played by a man. It seems that the industry suffers not only from lack of taste but also from lack of intelligence.

\* \* \*

A recent statement from a personage so exalted as the Mayor of Wallsend merits some little comment. "In an age when every popular novel can be bought for one shilling," his worship is reported to have said, "I am not sure that the necessity of a public library

is so pressing." To this it may be retorted that, even in these days of the dole, the expenditure of a shilling upon a book is a matter of practical impossibility to large numbers of people who are forced to bring up a family on about two pounds a week. Furthermore, I may perhaps be permitted to point out, for the enlightenment of the Mayor of Wallsend, that "popular novels" do not exhaust the stock of our public libraries. Books are occasionally published on such subjects as theology, science or civic responsibility, and are sometimes even read. Such books, too, are seldom published at a shilling, and the average member of the community who should desire to purchase one of them would be forced to undergo a considerable personal sacrifice. Unhappily, the Mayor of Wallsend does not stand alone in his protest. A distrust of education is not confined to Mayors; it may be found, if sought, in the ranks of our schoolmasters.

\* \* \*

I should like to draw attention to the fund which has been started quite spontaneously by a few lay members of the Promenade concert audience to enable Sir Henry Wood to call his orchestra together for more frequent rehearsal than the funds of Messrs. Chappell can afford. Apart from its aspect as an extraordinary tribute to a popular personality, the idea of collecting money for such a purpose is remarkable as showing the increasing perception by music-lovers—not professional musicians—of the shortcomings of concert-performances and of the real cause of those faults. Even a few pounds would enable Sir Henry Wood to call together one or other section of his orchestra and go through some difficult passage for an hour, so that the power to assist in this matter is within everybody's grasp if they will but send a contribution to Mr. W. Bennet at 32 Kensington Square, W.

TALLYMAN

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

### THE AGRICULTURAL POSITION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I assure Mr. Easterbrook that "the bad old days, when the farmers regarded advice as an insult, and the expert regarded the farmer as a fool," have gone in this neighbourhood at any rate, and that since the professor has gone to the farm instead of the farmer being asked to go to the professor the application of science to agriculture is developing satisfactorily. The agricultural staff of Cambridge University are doing admirable work in this direction and the University farm is a most useful institution. We have at last begun to recognize that, after fifty years of incessant experimenting on the small scale, what we need to-day is demonstration farms on a commercial scale to show us whether new methods mean profit or loss.

We must not expect the same immediate results from science at home as from science applied to agriculture in Denmark, because soil and rainfall vary much more in England than in Denmark. The extraordinary variety which prevails here will be recognized when I state that within a few miles of Cambridge agricultural conditions vary enormously with the soils

—rich fenland on the north, heavy land on the north-west and light land over chalk on the south-east and south. In the fens very few sheep are kept, while on the thin soils over chalk it is scarcely possible to farm successfully without sheep.

Lastly, does Mr. Easterbrook understand that there are less than twenty-six million acres of agricultural land in England and Wales and that half a million of peasant proprietors at fifty acres per family would absorb pretty nearly the whole of it, and necessitate the ousting from the land of all large farmers, whether owners or tenants?

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Thurlow, Suffolk

RIMA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is significant that nearly all the support for violence rather than beauty in art (i.e., for Assyrian and Egyptian ideals rather than Greek) should come from Socialists, foreigners, and Jews. Jacob Epstein's name proclaims his nationality, and the two young women who protested at the theatre in favour of Rima are both foreigners, while Bernard Shaw, who favours all extravagances in art, religion, or politics, is a Celt. But we English want our memorials in London to be in harmony with English taste, and English traditions. Those that favour Futurism, Cubism, or other decadent exaltations of the ugly and bizarre will usually be found to be Bolshevistic in their politics, and to have some foreign, Jewish, or Celtic strain in their blood. Let them erect their atrocities in Dublin, Moscow, or Jerusalem, but not in London, nor in honour of an English writer, who loved gentleness and beauty.

I am, etc.,

JOSHUA BROOKES

20 Netherton Road, St. Margarets

### THE COLOUR PROBLEM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your reviewer is incorrigible. Not content with continuing to misrepresent me, he now goes the length of terming "absurd" the contention that infertility is threatening the position of the whites. The fears of Australia are "absurd"; the grave latest census report from South Africa is "absurd"; the relative and actual decline of France, which fell from equality in numbers with Germany in 1871 to an amazing inferiority for which British lives paid forfeit by the hundred thousand in 1914-1918, suggests nothing to his mind but "absurdity." Unfortunately, the absurd has taken the unpardonable liberty of taking shape as fact, and the incredible impertinence of masquerading as serious.

I am, etc.,

LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

Royal Societies Club, St. James's Street, S.W.

### IS ENGLAND DONE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—We often hear the question nowadays, "What is Wrong with England?" For one thing, I think the creation of a distinctive Labour Party is wrong. It has injected a certain poison into the political life of the country and certainly has made for demoralization in industry. We are all labourers—mental, if not physical—more or less, and there was no reason for such differentiation in politics.

I have been comparing the elections in London and this city during the past week. In London the Socialists made what is called "a sweep"; here there

was not one elected. What is England doing to prevent the spread of the Socialistic weed?

I am, etc.,

New York, November 6 "A BRITON ABROAD"

### AMERICA AND THE WAR

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—If a nation can win a war by doing less than one-third of one per cent. of the fighting, then America most certainly won the war. This is how the share of the fighting works out in proportion to the total casualties. The American casualties were about the same as those of Canada and Australia, who were fighting during almost the whole period. Yet I hope it will be a long time before we hear a similar claim by either of these great countries. Fortunately their mentality is different.

It was at Oxford during the summer that two American University students came to me absolutely dumbfounded because someone had told them that the British had done the main part towards winning the war. Their amazement was perfectly genuine; so much so that I am convinced that nothing will ever shake their belief. It reminds one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's considered statement that a handful of Irish cut-throats "beat Britain to her knees." The difference between the two statements is that while one was made in all good faith, the other was a carefully considered—well, misstatement.

I am, etc.,

Old Isleworth

HUGH BLAKER

### THE FUTURE OF FASCISM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As a constant reader of the SATURDAY and an occasional contributor to its "Letters," may I point out in answer to the one signed Rawson Gherardini in your issue of October 24, that the Minister Federzoni has had nothing to do with the finances of Italy, which have been brought to the satisfactory condition they are in by the ex-Minister De Stefani. Federzoni ably holds the Home Office. That Fascism has come to stay there can be little doubt!

I am, etc.,

Palermo

TINA WHITAKER

### THE UNITY OF MUSIC

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am sorry that I should have appeared to Mr. Francis Toye to misrepresent his argument in 'The Well-Tempered Musician.' I certainly do not dispute that his statement in the letter in your columns is just. What I wished to point out—and apparently made insufficiently clear—is that, in my opinion, it is not impossible to find some dividing line between light, or let us say, comic music (e.g., 'Die Meistersinger'), and the merely trivial or farcical (e.g., 'No, No, Nanette'), even as we generally accept a distinction between Tragedy and Comedy.

I am, etc.,

DYNELEY HUSSEY

21 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2

### 'LIONEL AND CLARISSA'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I have two or three lines to correct a little mis-statement in your critic's notice of 'Lionel and Clarissa'?

The scenery and dresses were *both* designed by Norman Wilkinson: it is the principle of this theatre that the pictorial effect should be under the control of one person. Mrs. Lovat Fraser made the dresses from Mr. Wilkinson's designs—hence the slip.

I am, etc.,

NIGEL PLAYFAIR

Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, W.6

### PENSIONS FOR PRINTERS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As President of the Printers' Pension Corporation, I should like an opportunity of asking for the support of the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Corporation has the responsibility of assisting one thousand aged printers and widows of printers, as well as over eight hundred children of printers killed in the war. It has been carrying on its great work for just short of one hundred years and may claim to be one of the greatest trade charities in the world. The annual expenditure is £33,000 a year, of which a very large proportion is contributed by the employers and employees of the trade itself. But the continuation of the work also depends each year on the benevolent public who enjoy the printed word, which is the result of the work of the unseen printer.

It is my duty to state the case, give the opportunity—and hope that donations will be sent to the Printers' Pension Corporation, 20 High Holborn, W.C.

I am, etc.,

H. E. MORGAN

15 Great Stanhope Street, W.1

### SPECIALIST DOG JUDGES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is very amusing to think that there are a few under the impression that the "all rounder" dog judge knows more about the different breeds than the specialist judge. This is absurd; the "all rounder" has only a smattering knowledge of many breeds, but none thoroughly, hence the glaring mistakes he frequently makes at shows.

The judge that has kept and bred the breed or breeds he judges surely must know a great deal more than an "all rounder" who has never kept or bred the breeds he judges.

The dog world is the only one that appoints judges who have never kept or bred the breeds they pass their judgments upon.

With horses, cattle, rabbits, poultry, pigeons, cage-birds, etc., it is an unknown thing for a judge to be appointed that has not kept and bred the breeds he judges; but in the dog world it is a common thing to find judges passing their opinions upon a breed or breeds they have never kept or bred.

In my breed—Irish Water Spaniels—I have seen the most flagrant cases of misjudgments at shows by judges who have never kept or bred the breed.

In my opinion the Kennel Club should make it one of their laws that no judge should be appointed to judge or award Challenge Certificates unless he or she has kept and bred the breed or breeds on which they are called upon to pass judgment.

I am, etc.,

JAMES MONEY KYRLE LUPTON

Richmond, Surrey

### THINGS OR PERSONS?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Materialism is rampant, partly owing to reaction, and partly because it pays, and in spite of an innate mistrust of it, we have embarked too long to easily abandon it, so cling to its assurances of health and wealth.

Modernists must plead guilty to an obsession for putting the cart before the horse, things physical controlling things spiritual, with a resultant topsy-turvydom, in which ridicule is their most potent weapon, and their absolute lack of serenity is betrayed by their every gesture.

I am, etc.,

T. FAITH BISHOP

Hillcote, Newcastle, Staffs



## NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

*Cloud Cuckoo Land.* By Naomi Mitchison. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.*Winter.* By Ladislav St. Reymont. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.*Krakatit.* By Karel Capek. Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d. net.

IN the novel of action inaction often seems dangerous, and in the novel of inaction action tends to appear irrelevant. Very great writers have been able to combine both states; but few can show one leading naturally to the other. Violence and calm are complementary to each other in Nature, but in human nature they seem to exist upon separate planes; anger may logically end in murder, but to make murder convincing in a modern novel one has to go outside the character and find a motive force in heredity, hysteria, a predisposition to crime. A gust of passion is not enough, nor is a grievance of long-standing. 'Vanity Fair' would cease to hang together if Rawdon Crawley had murdered Lord Steyne or if Becky had tried to accelerate the arrival of the legacy by putting Miss Crawley out of the way. There is, of course, a large geographical region where acts of violence, being part of daily life, may be introduced even by the realistic novelist, without any effect of anomaly: Ireland, Russia, the Baltic provinces, the Balkans, the Far West, and the Docks of almost any town in any country. One may read the harsh records of these communities with interest or, as Leslie Stephen read 'Wuthering Heights,' "with wonder and with distressing curiosity, but with even more pain than pleasure or profit"; but in either case one is lifted into the realm of romance, into the contemplation of incidents that are too exciting to happen to oneself.

All these three novels, so different in other respects, have this in common: they deal in violence. To quote from 'Winter':

Antek's clutch was the grip of a maddened wolf. He throttled him till the gristle of his wind-pipe cracked, then whirling him on high, thrashed a tree with his body until the breath was quite beaten out of it.

This is what happens to you in Poland if you try to steal a forest from the peasants. But if you trifle with *krakatit*, the mysterious explosive invented by Mr. Karel Capek's hero, the consequences are yet more dire, because more wide-spread:

Then we let the soldiers have a go at it; they laughed at us. . . . We gave them a little; they rammed it into a gun with a lot of saw-dust. Splendid results. Seven gunners blown up, including a N.C.O. . . . they found one leg three kilometres away. Twelve dead in two days, there's figures for you. Aha! magnificent, eh?

After this, the methods employed by Spartan women to wring information out of female slaves would sound tame, only Mrs. Mitchison is better able to convey the sensation of pain than the other two authors, and is besides less light-hearted about it, and more reticent:

"What did you do to your mistress?" Kleora asked again, and then once more, her arm, iron-hard, straightening, pushing the slave girl to her knees. . . . Dionassa laughed as if she were enjoying it. The other one repeated her question; Thrassa looked up at her and was very frightened, because she had never seen a woman look so grim before. They were pressing her arms back and up now, so it was beginning to hurt quite a lot. . . . She would not be able to bear it much longer. She began to count: hold out to ten: and ten again: and ten.

The Spartans went about it quite quietly, hardly breathing faster than usual; they knew they would get their answer. . . .

We do not mind much about the carpet-beating of the forester; we feel exhilarated, rather than not, when the incredulous soldiers are blown sky-high; but the torturing of Thrassa shocks us, as Mrs. Mitchison meant it should. It is true that the others are mere *corpora vilia*, cannon-fodder, but even so, had Mrs. Mitchison

described their ends, we should have felt a twinge. Few novels provide so many moral shocks as 'Cloud Cuckoo Land,' and yet none is more free from righteous indignation. It is one of Mrs. Mitchison's great qualities as an historical novelist that she can keep separate the ethics of present and past ages and still tacitly compare them: it was natural for the Spartan ladies to torture Thrassa, it was a little unnatural, but quite in accordance with the conventions, for Alxenor to have his second baby "exposed." But how many writers could have given us, in the same breath, a sense of concurrent right and wrong in those actions? 'Cloud Cuckoo Land' is a very remarkable book. It takes time to get under way; the earlier chapters are a little hard to follow because of the number of characters introduced; and, especially towards the end, the style becomes almost too colloquial: when the porter asks Alxenor to "step this way" we are in the twentieth century A.D. instead of the fifth B.C. But these are small blemishes. The marriage of history and fiction, so often arranged, rarely takes place as it does here. In many successful historical novels the emotional effect is obtained independently of the sword and the cloak; but in 'Cloud Cuckoo Land' it arises from a clear realization of historical conditions, its peculiar quality would have been lost to us but for Mrs. Mitchison's imaginative reconstruction of the past. We are unable to say how fair she is, whether Sparta was really like a magnified public-school posing as a reformatory: but she makes it possible for us to take sides and to hear as partisans and contemporaries, not merely as students, the news of the battle of Aegospotami.

It is a far cry from the quick-witted Greeks of the Peloponnesian War to the sub-intelligent almost sub-human Polish peasants around whom Ladislav St. Reymont weaves the chilly story which, with its three companion seasons, won for its author the Nobel Prize. The subject of 'Winter' is, in a sense, the cold. Every aspect and effect of the cold are described most fully, until the characters appear almost undifferentiated beside it. One wonders how the impious passion of Hanka's husband, Antek, for his father's wife, Yagna, can survive the terrible frigidity. But it does. It is a passion cast in the heroic mould. Antek leaves his father's comfortable house, lives in a hovel and refuses to work, to the misery of his wife and children and the scandal of the village. When at last he deigns to work at a saw-mill one of his first acts is to throw the foreman through a fence into the river; for this he is promoted into the foreman's position, and endears himself to the villagers who are represented as incapable of anything except back-biting and superstition. But he cannot go straight, his passion takes its fling, regarding neither God nor man, and ruining everything it touches. The strength of the book lies in its sweep, its comprehensive, god's-eye view of the starved, poverty-stricken, frozen village.

The translation of 'Kratatit' is always excellent. The story is an elaborate joke, a fantasy, an allegory, a love-story with moments of great passion: but so Protean in its manifestations that, though one is ready with the salt, the tail is never there. It has *lengueurs*, moments when the author seems uncertain which method to apply next, but on the whole it is exceedingly entertaining, with passages of broad humour curiously English in quality, and an unexpectedly solemn and affecting close. Prokop, the Conscience-stricken inventor of *krakatit*, an incredibly powerful explosive, spends much of his time in delirium, the result of being blown up by his discovery, the secret of which he is very unwilling to give away. Friends and enemies alike are anxious to wrest it from him; while to him it is an embarrassment, a hindrance in his search for a girl who had once thanked him for a kindness, and whom one knows he will never see. His amazing adventures do not de-naturalize him: he remains to the end an honest, surly, attractive figure.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

**A**FTER the new volume of the Page Letters (Heinemann, 21s. net), perhaps the most interesting books of the week are two art books. In 'Romanesque Architecture in Italy' (Heinemann, 25s. net) the learned Director-General of Fine Arts and Antiquities in Italy gives us a survey of the subject, ranging from the eighth to the eleventh centuries. The illustrations are of exceptional merit, and indeed we cannot remember seeing this subject more fully illustrated. 'The Chelsea Porcelain Toys' (Medici Society, 7 gns. net) deals with the scent-bottles, éturis, statuettes, and other trifles of the last half of the eighteenth century. These are carefully described by Mr. G. E. Bryant, and there are excellent plates in colour after drawings by the author and others. The always welcome special Winter Number of the *Studio* treats of 'Contemporary Figure Painters,' among the artists represented being Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Augustus John, Sir William Orpen, Forain, Gauguin.

'More Fables of La Fontaine' (Heinemann, 6s. net) belongs to an earlier week, but must be specially mentioned. Mr. Marsh's renewed endeavour to secure full appreciation in this country for one of the most French of French classics deserves cordial recognition.

'The Idle Hours of a Victorious Invalid' (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net), by Mr. Lane Crauford, is a courageous record of mental, and eventually physical, triumph over suffering.

'Poems, 1909-1925' (Faber and Gwyer, 7s. 6d. net), offers the admirers of Mr. T. S. Eliot by turns over-ingenuity, wit, nonsense, naughtiness, and, though rarely, poetry. Avowed nonsense has its anthology in 'Nonsense Verses' (Jarrold, 7s. 6d. net), edited by Mr. Langford Reed, who has done well, but should not have forgotten Bishop Heber. The forgotten nonsense of that prelate is on an altogether higher level than his remembered hymn.

Two new volumes in the useful 'Westminster Library,' 'Politics Retold,' by Mr. P. G. Cambray, and 'The Growth of the Constitution,' by Mr. E. W. M. Balfour-Melville, come from Messrs. Philip Allan.

Another political, or rather economic, work of the week is 'Revolution by Reason' (Parsons, 7s. 6d. net), in which Mr. John Strachey gives an account of the financial proposals submitted to the Labour movement by Mr. Oswald Mosley. The book has interest as an expression of the ideas which a considerable number of Socialists have adopted, though the optimism with which the effects of certain of the proposals (such as that for the socialization of banking) are viewed is clearly without justification.

'In Autumn's Sickle' (Elkin Mathews, 12s. 6d. net) is a miscellany to which Mr. Belloc, Mr. Squire, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. E. J. Sullivan, and other authors and artists have made contribution. It is handsomely produced, but so large a page is hardly pleasant to read.

The 'Reminiscences' (Allen and Unwin, 16s. net) of Marie, Princess of Battenberg, possess some historical importance as well as the interest which a social record by a writer with such opportunities might be expected to have.

Truly fascinating, even to the general reader, is 'The Medieval Village' (Cambridge University Press, 25s. net), by Mr. G. C. Coulton. It throws more light on aspects of the subject which have hitherto been somewhat neglected and is packed with concrete facts where we have been accustomed to generalizations.

Last week we erroneously named Messrs. Dent as the publishers of the new edition de luxe of 'The Physiology of Taste.' This book is published by Mr. Peter Davies.

## REVIEWS

## TWO POETS

By EDWARD SHANKS

*English Poems.* By Edmund Blunden. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. net.

*Arguments and Emblems.* By Frank Kendon. The Bodley Head. 6s. net.

**M**R. BLUNDEN and Mr. Kendon are perhaps the two most gifted young poets who have made their appearance in England since the end of the war. The general reader is perhaps more familiar with the work of the former, who appeared sooner and whose poems at first sight seemed to import something new into English literature. Mr. Kendon came later and is less striking, and indeed even now he has little of that confident and unfamiliar maturity which distinguished Mr. Blunden's first volume some four or five years ago. Nevertheless, though they differ so much both in method and in material, they have at least one thing in common: the besetting danger of both is dullness.

Nothing is to be said against Mr. Kendon's accomplishment. His choice of words is careful to exactitude and he never says more than he means. He never grows wild, but he is not afraid of experiment. His former volume contained experiments in, and a reasoned justification of, a new technical instrument which he called "analysed rhyme." It was interesting enough and he justified it as well by example as by argument. The only fault to be found with it was that it did not recommend itself further than as a very occasional device for varying the monotony of rhyme in its ordinary form. Here too he experiments. He has unrhymed forms, obviously not influenced by the example of the poet Laureate:

Not from the many voices  
of poets dead and printed,  
Not borrowed music,  
though so rich, so pure, so varied!  
What are such praises?  
Had I deemed you common,  
Their well-worn and well-written rhymes  
might serve some purpose.

Or again:

Behind the roses, deep in thought, my serious host  
Rests in his summer garden. He hears the drowsy booming  
Of bees, whose joys among so many flowers must seem  
Work without ending. Ripening apples gleam among leaves  
That are gently stirred to life by the morning wind before him.

It is experimentation, serious exploring in the field of English verse, of which, so far as we can now guess, there are few corners that remain in darkness, and, as such, it is to be applauded. But it is hard to resist the feeling that it is exploration for its own sake, that it is not undertaken because the poet's passion creates in him an overmastering desire for new territory. He shows us what new tunes can be drawn from diction and metre, but when he does so he leaves behind an impression that he has been playing only to demonstrate the capabilities of the instrument.

So with his less experimental work. There is here a poem of some length called 'Orpheus,' on which high commendations can be bestowed. It is graceful and distinguished, written with an admirable delicacy of versification. It reminds one rather of fresco-painting. But the painter of a fresco is given so much space for the ornamentation of a room and if he fills it with agreeable colours and patterns he has done a useful piece of work. When a poet fills a number of pages with sounds and images that are no more than agreeable, one is inclined to ask why he has done it. Mr. Kendon closes his poem with:

Even he was spent at length, and crying came  
Into the light of day, the white serene,  
Bitterly wrooked, to find the meadows green,  
And the tall cherry in the woods the same.  
Hush, Song, 'twas ever so!  
Orpheus lived long ago—  
One dare not count the many springs there since have been.

When a poet attempts a familiar myth, it should be either because its symbolism wakens a passion in him or because he sees in it a vehicle for the expression of his own passion. The tepidity of this stanza makes it clear that Mr. Kendon did not even suppose himself to have had either of these experiences.

It is not that he is without passion: these poems are by no means merely frigid exercises. But they leave the impression that in each case the passion that inspired the poem required to be tamed before the poem could be written. It has left, so to speak, its foot-mark on the clay of Mr. Kendon's verse, a proof of having existed, but, while the fossilized print has remained, the fine winged monster is no more to be seen.

Mr. Blunden's danger attends him from a different point. There is passion not only in what he says but also in his manner of saying it. From the first he has had a bold and confident way of handling language, born of an urgent need for new words and new uses of him. But he incurs the charge of dullness or of the appearance of it, because, with one considerable exception, he finds his subjects only within a certain definite range. That one exception he has rather unfortunately chosen to except from this book, in the preface to which he speaks "a troop or awkward squad of poems of which the presences of war or its phantoms are the originals." These, he says, "are reserved for another day." I am not sure that the awkward squad does not comprise Mr. Blunden's best and best-loved troops: it is possible to hope that when he has finished adding to their numbers he will have completed the richest and most moving poem on the war. At any rate in his previous volumes these pieces provided a relief from the English village, its inhabitants and the fields among which it lies.

So dear is this country to him that he seems to take it with him wherever he goes. He is now in Tokyo, but it is hard to find a trace of it in this landscape. On the contrary, such a poem as 'The Daimyo's Pond' might almost without incongruity have borne an English title:

The swallows come on swift and daring wings,  
Their daring wings to dip with pure delight  
In the mild pond: once more the kind fate brings  
My heart that moment, and the world is bright.  
The lilies there, the white ones and the red,  
From the green cloudy deeps look up to heaven,  
And antique holm-oaks sheltering their calm bed  
Seem blessing Earth that has such shelter given.

Nevertheless there are in this collection signs of an expansion of interest. Mr. Blunden's human beings were always sympathetically observed but had a way of looking like figures in a landscape. Now he has grown more interested in the human heart for its own sake. And the country poems are, as they always were, sound, sweet and full flavoured. Mr. Blunden hardly ever writes a weak line, never for a whole page together falls below a certain standard of excellence. If one raises a protest against something of monotony in his choice of subjects, it is not because one can really have too many of such poems but because one dislikes to see the poet thus cribbing a talent which ought to have a chance of exercising itself on a variety of things.

#### THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL

*The Story of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.*  
By Nigel Playfair. Chatto and Windus.  
16s. net.

THE actor-turned-author often runs to pomposity, but Mr. Nigel Playfair is not an ordinary kind of actor and he gives the sting of humour and a sharp personal style to his essay in history. The Lyric Theatre, at Hammersmith, would never have happened if it had not been for Mr. Arnold Bennett, who can apparently command thousands of pounds by offering, over the luncheon table, a mere note of promise

that the lender will lose his money. At any rate, a thousand pounds apiece were raised from Lord Rothermere, Lord Beaverbrook, and the late Sir Edward Hulton, and in the end the investors altogether failed to lose their money, and must have done remarkably well. Mr. Bennett was assisted to this pleasant breach of faith by the fact that courage is far more likely to pay dividends in the theatre than the caution which believes the public to be an ass only to be fed on a limited range of carrots. The programme that has been carried out at the Lyric Theatre was so strikingly at variance with all the rules of professionalism, that the amateurs easily beat the professionals at the box-office game. One must admit that the Lyric had luck in proportion to its audacity. It was good fortune to find in the nick of time so valuable a servant as the late Lovat Fraser, and it was largely from his brilliant flair for the eighteenth century that the twentieth century became so profoundly enamoured of the eighteenth. Walpole's London was charmingly scoured and polished to make a twentieth-century holiday, and we fancy that the age of periwigs was flattered by this coat of glittering paint. The old eighteenth-century tradition of production which thought in terms of plum and snuff for its modest colourings, was probably more realistic, but this is not an age that cares deeply for realism, and the post-war public that wanted a distraction was admirably met by the refined "fantastications," as Mr. Walkley has called them, which the Lyric, Hammersmith, contributed to its historical retrospect.

The main problem of an adventurous theatrical management in this country is the creation of loyalty in the audience. What has so helped the pioneers at Hammersmith has been their continuity of policy. It has been said that it always takes London a month to discover that a play is on, and the difficulty of a new management with something good in its pocket is to tide over that month while people are beginning to find out that there is treasure waiting round the corner. Mr. Playfair and his colleagues did not begin with a marked success, but having struck a note of intelligence in the theatre they sustained it with confidence, and so began to gather round them a body of enthusiasts who did not always need a month in order to discover what was on the bill. They invested their theatre with a definite personality just as the Old Vic. has acquired individuality of a distinct but equally vigorous kind. Since their astounding success with 'The Beggar's Opera' they have had their ups and downs, but there seems to be little doubt that their adherence to fancy dress and the formal cut will continue to delight the public that has shown its loyalty in the past. Members of that public will find Mr. Playfair's book a very vivid and agreeable document, and they will appreciate the illustrations contributed by the team of theatrical artists who have already done so much to make the Lyric Theatre the home of the brightest and best in English scenic work.

#### RUSSIA

*My Disillusionment in Russia.* By Emma Goldman. With an Introduction by Rebecca West. Daniel. 6s. net.

*The Red Terror in Russia.* By S. P. Melgounov. Dent. 6s. net.

*The Reforging of Russia.* By Edwin Ware Hullinger. Witherby. 12s. 6d. net.

IF one were so celestially aloof from political prejudices as to be able to sit down and piece together from these three books a composite picture of modern Russia, the result, one imagines, would not be so very far from the truth. We have here the two very different sides of the Russian medal—the disillusionment of the anarchist Emma Goldman and the horror of



M. Melgounov on the one side, the somewhat insensible and breezy optimism of the American journalist on the other. From sable and scarlet the picture shifts to the sunlight and rosy tints of daybreak, like the "Dissolving Views" that were once such a treat at the church bazaar. And at the end of the entertainment what is one left with—Miss Goldman's harassed *moujiks*, M. Melgounov's corpses and torture chambers, or Mr. Hullinger's picture of a brisk and busy Leningrad or a busier and more bustling Moscow? Miss Goldman wins, hands down. Her overwhelming sincerity and her calm reasoning give one the feeling that hers is the impression that will remain, the record that despite its anti-Bolshevik bias, is nearest the truth.

Emma Goldman was deported from America in 1919. With over two hundred other political prisoners she was shipped to Finland and escorted to the Russia which she had left as a child many years before and about which she had been dreaming ever since. Deportation seemed to promise the realization of all her dreams and the Russian frontier the entrance into the Old World Made New. Three days later she learnt that the whole group of deportees who had accompanied her had been placed under arrest. From that moment her disillusionment in the methods of the Bolsheviks had begun, though for twelve months she still clung to her beliefs.

In America, Emma Goldman had welcomed the news of the Revolution as an anarchist. The Bolshevik coup still found her enthusiastic in spite of her dislike of the Marxian theory as "a cold, mechanistic, enslaving formula." Still, she continued to fight the Bolshevik battle, doing propaganda work and even undergoing imprisonment, though news from Russia began to be disquieting. The order for her deportation meant that, one way or the other, all doubts would be at an end.

Miss Goldman makes her points by what seems understatement rather than the sensationalism of M. Melgounov and Hullinger. Her charges against the Bolshevik regime are concrete and matter of fact. She arraigns them for bungling and confusion, for a preposterously and fantastically enlarged bureaucracy, and the inhuman aloofness of the machine of government from the lives of the people. Even the leaders, such as Lenin and Tchicherin, she found living in a fool's paradise, inquiring anxiously as to when the Social Revolution in America might be expected. In one school, she tells us, there were 138 officials to 125 children, in another 40 to 25 children.

The bureaucratic officials seemed to take particular delight in countermanding each other's orders. Houses already in the process of renovation, and on which much work and material were spent, would suddenly be left unfinished and some other work begun. Mansions filled with art treasures were turned into night lodgings, and dirty iron cots put among antique furniture and oil paintings . . .

After Miss Goldman, Mr. Melgounov sounds like one of those music-hall orchestras, the most part brass and big drum. It is true that he does not plunge into gore all at once; that, with a sense of form, he works gradually up to a crescendo, and that very rarely does he indulge in commentary or superfluous detail. Still, his book is an appalling one which only those in search of statistics or details of barbarous and incredible cruelty should read. The illustrations of corpses, flayings of human hands, of blood-spattered torture chambers, horrible though they are, hardly add to the terrors of the text.

When he tells us that "Russians have the same kind of a sense of humor as the Americans," Mr. Hullinger prepares us for the worst and the best of his book. It is full of remarks of that sort; stories of how it took him several hours to procure a white collar of the proper size in Moscow; how during all the time he was in Russia he saw only one intoxicated man in the streets; how Moscow has taken to fox-trotting; how divorce may be obtained by the applica-

tion to the registrar of only one of the contracted parties. He was once brought before the Tche-Ka and ordered to leave the country. It is difficult, after reading his book, to see why. Mr. Hullinger prophesies for us an all-powerful Russo-German bloc. "Given time and capital to reorganize the industries," he says, ". . . and measured on the arc of Russia's life as a nation, this will not be a long sector . . . and Russia will become easily the leading economic force in Europe." The Tche-Ka will be pleased.

#### AN ANCIENT CONTROVERSY

*Science, Religion and Reality.* Edited by Joseph Needham. Sheldon Press. 12s. 6d. net.

IS there any necessary conflict between religion and science? The question is as interesting and important to-day as it ever was, and in view of the rapid changes in aspect of science and the altering emphasis in religion a new attempt to answer it is welcome. In this volume we have eight essays dealing with the history and development of science, and with the relation of religion, Christian or otherwise, to the trend of modern thought. The essays are independent of one another, but they are connected by an introductory essay from the Earl of Balfour, and a Conclusion, summing up the results of the inquiry and adding something of his own, by Dean Inge. The first essay, by Dr. Malinowski, treats of Magic Science and Religion as he has studied them in Melanesia. Here the problems present themselves in a comparatively simple form, and he is able to delimit the activities of the three subjects of his paper. As to whether his conclusions are of universal validity is another matter: the Melanesians have as long a history of development as the European; may they not have gone in a different direction? Dr. Singer in dealing with Historical Relations shows that the Middle Ages, as far as religion and Science are concerned, lasted till the eighteenth century; it was only when the discoveries of Newton began to bear fruit that any conflict began.

The most important essay in the book is, beyond doubt, that of Professor Eddington, on 'The Domain of Physical Science.' It was in the name of Physical Science that the fiercest attacks on revealed religion were made in the nineteenth century, and a rigid materialism put in its place. Lay folk were given to understand that Science had solved all but a few of the problems of existence, could give rigid and complete definitions of such conceptions as "Mass," for example. Now Professor Eddington comes along and tells us that all Physical Science can tell us is a reading on a scale: "physics is now in course of abandoning all claim to a type of knowledge which it formerly asserted without hesitation. . . . The division of the external world into a material world and a spiritual world is superficial, and the deep line of cleavage is between the metrical and non-metrical aspects." It is a gratifying result of the Einstein theory. Mr. Needham shows how mechanistic biology is gradually shedding the claims to dominate religious belief it formerly made. Dr. Oman reviews the definitions of Religion and our attitude towards the supernatural; Dr. Brown deals with Religion and Psychology; and Dr. Webb treats of the change of attitude of orthodox teachers of religion to traditional doctrines and beliefs. Dean Inge brings the work to a conclusion by rounding off and filling a few gaps in the arguments of the various writers. He suggests that since the attempt to reduce life, mind, and spirit to the quantitative categories of modern science has failed, some thinkers will go back to the speculations of Fechner, who states his argument for the truth of religion thus: "We should not need religious faith if its objects did not exist. It must be based on the same needs."

We feel that we have given a very inadequate sketch of a book in which every essay reaches a high standard of excellence, which deals with its subject solidly yet not too technically. It is the most important book of its class issued for many years.

#### LETTERS TO LAMB

*The Letters of Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb.*  
Edited by G. A. Anderson. Secker. 8s. 6d. net.

WHAT excellent company Manning must have been, and who could better appreciate good, frivolous, wise company than Charles Lamb? It is not surprising they were friends. Could Lamb resist "a thousand faces running down through all the keys of idiotism (like Lloyd over his perpetual harpsichord), from the smile and the glimmer of half sense and quarter sense to the grin and hanging lip of Betty Foy's own Johnny"—Lamb, who was afterwards to write that passage about Munden and his many faces? Of course not. Though if Manning was a good fooler, and his later letters show that well enough, sometimes he was a strange judge of matters. The second volume of 'Lyrical Ballads' he thought "utterly absurd from one end to the other." "I had rather sit spinning all day than prosing over such uninteresting accounts of uninteresting things," he writes in one place, and in another: "I perused the Coleridgean and Wordsworthian letters. Sheer nonsense, by God. I wonder Coleridge . . . can be taken in by such foolish stuff." Then we are surprised to be told that "the views in Switzerland are far inferior to those in the North of England . . . the scenery in Switzerland is clumsy and graceless" (compared to Derwentwater). But on the other hand he has a great admiration for many French ways and places, notably Versailles; and thus he writes of Napoleon: "I had the satisfaction of seeing the Premier Consul go by, clad in his simple blue uniform. Oh, what a God-like face! When he returned from the review . . . a lady stooped him . . . and gave me a full opportunity of contemplating his divine countenance."

We like Manning well enough throughout these letters, but never so well, perhaps, as when he writes: "I like your Londoner very much, there is a deal of happy fancy in it, but it is not strong enough to be seen by the generality of readers. Yet if you would write a volume of Essays in the same stile you might be sure of its succeeding." Blessed encouragement that led to Elia. And we like him very well, too, and so certainly did Lamb, when he closes a paragraph with: "Oh the exquisite delight of the inside of an Inn, where every object, every utensil recalls to your mind the pictures of former times."

But here is a book that one may quote from and browse in for ever. It is excellently edited and well printed.

#### THE SAYINGS OF A QUEEN

*The Wit and Wisdom of Queen Bess.* A selection of Queen Elizabeth's most striking sayings, chosen by Frederick Chamberlin. The Bodley Head. 5s. net.

THE present volume is a most useful and interesting summary of the larger book, 'The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth,' which has already appeared. Taken in conjunction with what we know, or think we know, about the character of that amazing queen it provides matter for thought. By itself, it is as untrustworthy as anything else in connexion with her. Unquestionably a large number of the statements in this book were devised to deceive her listeners, but posterity must guard against that danger, and continually bear in mind that if Charles II was not the greatest liar who ever sat on an English throne then Elizabeth was. Her protestations about Mary are peculiarly nauseating, as are her audacious claims to honesty. Her arrogance

comes out again and again in such phrases as: "I have been strong enough to lift you out of the dirt, and I am still able to cast you down again," addressed to Lord Burghley; "Being a queen and a prince sovereign (I am) answerable to none for my actions, otherwise than as I shall be disposed of my own free will, but to Almighty God alone," to James VI by the mouth of Hunsdon. Her approbation of the use of torture is made clear: "I want him put to the rack to see whether he is the author or not"; "and let him look to be racked to all extremity if he will conceal the truth." This touch of her nature is instructive: "I shall never have a husband who will sit all day by the fire. When I marry it will be with a man who can ride, and hunt, and fight." There is little enough sympathy in us for this hard, deceiving, political woman, until those last, wonderful words: "My lord, I am tied with a chain. I am tied, I am tied, and the case is altered with me."

¶ Mr. J. B. Priestley is away, and will resume his weekly article in these columns shortly.

#### SHORTER NOTICES

*The Arthurian Legend in the Literature of the Spanish Peninsula.* By W. J. Entwistle. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

THE stories of Arthur and 'The Matter of Britain' came into Portugal and Spain as a finished article—mainly as translations from the French, but in places not uninfluenced by Italian versions. They begin to appear about the end of the thirteenth century, and the relations between the Plantagenets of England and Portugal count for something in their diffusal. Mr. Entwistle has made an exhaustive study of the large and growing literature of the subject, and knows the original stories themselves in their multitudinous forms. The book covers a side of Arthurian studies which has not attracted much attention in England, though it has been worked on in America, and it will be valuable alike to students of Peninsular literature and of the Arthurian Romances. The get-up and printing of it are excellent.

(Continued overleaf)

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Shorter Notices—continued.

*Life and You.* By C. Lewis Hind. The Bodley Head. 6s. net.

LIKE its predecessor, 'Life and I,' this volume is a reprint of the light and agreeable articles which Mr. Hind writes every week in the *Daily Chronicle*. It is dedicated to the readers of the previous collection, many of whom regard Mr. Hind as a personal friend and correspond freely with him. This we can quite understand; the personal touch in his writing will appeal to a large number of readers. The chief figure in his work is an engaging child of four, wittily called Julius Caesar "because he conquers—but by love." It is needless to say that Mr. Hind's passing comments on books and pictures are always marked by good taste and delicacy of feeling. But the book stands or falls by Julius Caesar, whom many readers will consider a delightful acquaintance.

*A Manual of Year Book Studies.* By W. C. Bolland. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.

DR. BOLLAND has made this subject his own; he knows more about Year Books than anyone else, and he devotes his time and energy to pressing the importance of their contents upon legal and historical students. They contain notes of important points raised in the courts from the time of Edward I to that of Henry VII, and, incidentally a great many interesting pictures of medieval life, or at least of those aspects of it which came before the judges. It is good to emphasize this side of their value, but their chief importance is that they contain the whole history of the growth of the Common Law for over two centuries. Nothing like it exists in any other country, just as no other country approaches us in the wealth of our records. Dr. Bolland remarks on the few law-books in the University book-sellers' lists at Paris. He forgets that Civil Law was not studied there but at Orleans. We are glad to have a suspicion of our own about Coke confirmed: a statement of his about the original records once cost the present writer a month's useless work. A valuable feature of this book is a series of facsimiles from original manuscripts of the Year Book with a full expansion and a translation: it will admirably supplement the indispensable work on 'English Court Hand' of Johnson and Jenkinson.

*The Charteris Mystery.* By A. Fielding. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

READERS who remember "The Eames-Erskine Case" will be prepared for a good story and an almost insoluble mystery, and this they will find. The author has obeyed the rules of the game by giving clues to the criminal early in the story, and also by passing over them with so light a tread as to call no attention to them. Rose Charteris, a beautiful young woman, is found dead in a quarry. Her father is abroad, and long after is found to have been murdered a day before her. A number of solutions to the mystery lie before the astute reader, who will naturally reject them all. It is one of the cleverest stories of its kind that we have seen for a long time.

*Reminiscences of a Student's Life.* By Jane Ellen Harrison. Hogarth Press. 5s. net.

WE may have met in the course of a long experience a book which put us in better tune with its author, but we are bound to say we do not remember one. Here we have a happy retrospect of what has been a successful life, one of all to be envied, where the work to be done has been congenial, has been within the reach of the worker, and has been done so as to meet the approval of one's fellows. Could any fate be more happy? We recommend this story of a success they will not understand to all those who are engaged in the hunt for popularity, wealth, social position, and salvation, as a wholesome tonic; to those who know Miss Harrison either personally or through her work it only needs to be said that her gracious personality shines through every word of it.

## CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE signs during the past few months of a desire for a better understanding in industry are of importance to the Stock Exchange. In effect, during the past seven years an industrial war has been almost constant in this country. Although strikes and lock-outs have been more or less overcome, they left in their wake a spirit of hostility between employer and employed. Following the lead given at Locarno, where it was shown that apparently insurmountable difficulties could be got over, leaders of all sections of the community are coming forward to urge the necessity for industrial peace. Necessity compels accommodation, and the present habit of public inquiries ventilates grievances and difficulties and permits a wider appreciation of the country's needs. Circumstances have influenced our pre-war competitor; it is interesting to observe that already such heavy industries in Germany as iron, steel, and coal have definitely formulated policies of co-operation and assignment of spheres of manufacture and sales. These matters are not left unnoticed in England. I hear from the North and the Midlands of inquiries on local exchanges for iron, coal and steel shares, on behalf of those in close touch with the heavy industries; this is a hopeful and promising sign.

### RUBBER

The outstanding feature in the London Stock Exchange this week has been the activity in rubber shares. I have dealt in great detail with the rubber position in the past, and as recently as last week I advised my readers to hold their rubber shares provided they were good ones. As all my old recommendations have soared almost out of reach, I think I can with safety add to the list the following:

1. Yatiyantota Ceylon Tea Co.
2. Seremban Rubber.

and as a speculative purchase:  
Biting Rubber.

### YATIYANTOTA

As regards the Yatiyantota Ceylon Tea Company, the capital of which consists of £45,000 6% Preference and £157,500 £1 Ordinary shares, the following estimate for 1926 may prove instructive:

1926. Tea, say 445,000 lbs., given profit of 6d. per lb., £11,125  
Rubber S.P. 829,909 lbs.  
Forward Sales 134,400 (cost 10½d. all in) at 1s. 6d., 4,200  
Balance 695,500 lbs. (cost 10½d. all in) at 2s. 10½d., 89,550

	£84,875
Preference Dividend requires ...	2,700
Leaving ... ..	£82,175

Equal to 52% on Ordinary Capital.

### LAUTARO

I have frequently recommended Lautaro Nitrate shares. The present dullness of these shares is entirely attributable to selling from Paris on the part of Arbitrageurs seeking export value. The Company has recently declared a dividend of 5s., making 15s. for the year. I repeat my previous recommendation; I see no reason to alter my former opinion that these shares are an attractive lock-up, at the present price of about 7½ ex the 5s. dividend.

### BLEACHERS

I recommend a purchase of Bleachers at 78s. I believe that sooner or later they will register a substantial advance in price, and meanwhile they are, of their class, an excellent investment.

### BRITISH DYESTUFFS

The Reorganization Scheme of the British Dyestuffs Corporation has now been issued and I consider that



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EDGAR WALLACE'S *baffling* "Three"—

THE THREE JUST MEN 7/6 net

MARGARET PEDLER'S *enthralling*

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE 7/6 net

RUBY M. AYRES' *delightfully entertaining*

THE MAN THE WOMEN LOVED 7/6 net

MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS' *picturesque*

THE SPELL OF SARNIA 7/6 net

JOHN TRAVERS' *colourful*

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the present prices of the several classes of shares still afford ample scope for capital appreciation. The deferred stand at 3s. 9d., the preferred at 7s. 9d., and the preference at 13s. 7½d. These prices are equivalent to about 10s. 6d. for the new ordinary £1 shares, which, in view of the assets, earning power and prospects of the Corporation, appears too conservative. Under the Scheme the preference will receive 6s. in cash and 14s. worth of new £1 ordinary, the preferred 13s. 4d. worth of ordinary, and the deferred 6s. 8d. worth of ordinary. The new issued capital will be £4,775,580 in £1 shares, and the assets will be as follows:

Land, Buildings, Plant and Machinery	£1,760,238
Cash and Investments	1,667,185
Stock	1,039,342
Debtors, less Creditors	308,815
	<hr/> £4,775,580

The assets have all been written down adequately; the new ordinary shares will therefore be fully represented by available assets, and on this ground must be considered undervalued at 10s. 6d. The profit, before providing for depreciation, for the seventeen months to March 31 last, was £526,506, or at the rate of £371,652 for twelve months. Allowing 8% depreciation in the new item "Land, Buildings, etc.," this would leave net profits for allocation of £230,833, or all but 5% on the new capital. I consider that the £1 ordinary share, fully represented by assets, with an earning capacity of 5%, should stand considerably higher than 10s. 6d., but in addition to these facts it must be remembered that the secession of the Government has cleared the way for unimpeded negotiations with the Germans Dye Cartel. If, as I anticipate, an agreement, or working arrangement, is reached, the fusion of interests should be attended with the most successful results; the great need of the German Cartel is working capital, while the British concern will probably benefit considerably from the technical experience of the Germans which is still probably unrivalled.

#### PULLMAN CAR COMPANY

The £1 ordinary shares of the Pullman Car Company have of late been in demand. The capital of the Company consists of £625,000 7% cumulative £1 preference shares and 500,000 £1 ordinary shares; £250,000, 6% ten year notes are also outstanding. The Company's dividend record for the past six years is as follows:

1918-1919	...	15%	1921-1922	...	10%
1919-1920	...	10%	1922-1923	...	10%
1920-1921	...	5%	1923-1924	...	7½%

I understand that the recent buying is based on an agreement being reached as to the running of the Pullmans on some of the Continental trains, particularly those from Calais to Paris. On this account I am advised to buy these shares at the present price of about 28s. 6d.

#### GOLD COAST LOAN

Apologising for my remarks last week on the recent Gold Coast Loan I am interested to see that the question as to who was responsible was raised in the House of Commons last Monday. The Colonial Secretary in his reply stated that it was not always possible to judge accurately beforehand what will attract the investing public. While this may be true, it is generally very simple to judge what will most certainly not attract the investing public, and the Gold Coast Loan terms decidedly came into this category.

TAURUS

## MOTORING

### BRITISH MOTOR BOATS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE British Motor Boat Club holds its twenty-first anniversary dinner on December 4, which will be a great event in the Motor Boating world, inasmuch as it will be presided over by the new Admiral of the Club, Lord Louis Mountbatten. It is hoped that Lady Louis Mountbatten will consent to attend the dinner and present the prizes won during the past racing season. This club has done much in the past for the sport of motor boating and is still continuing to do good work. No other organization can point to such a record of continuous effort in this branch of sport as this club. This year the British Motor Boat Club took over the administration of Cubitt's Dock on the Thames, with the result that the number of motor boats in the basin has been almost doubled, and applications for berths are still coming in. Many schemes for improvement are in hand, of which the provision of a club room on the premises promises to be popular. The Dock Management Committee is anxious to emphasize the fact that berths are available for the boats of those owners who are not at present members of the B.M.B.C., as well as for those who are members. Consequently applications can be made by any motor boat owner for a berth, and the Committee will do their best to see that suitable positions are allocated. The latest arrival in the dock is the *Independence*, owned by Mr. Dawson Higgins. Though a Diesel engined yacht of more than a hundred feet in length and sixteen feet beam, she was brought over from Belgium and up the Thames to the club's dock by her owner single-handed.

\* \* \*

Motorists often wonder what to do with motor cars which from their age fetch small prices in the open market, notwithstanding the fact that the engines are in excellent working condition. Motor boating is just the sort of work that suits these old engines when in sound condition. As the second-hand market of cars is flooded with vehicles for sale, the present time is opportune for those who wish to enjoy the sport of motor boating to buy both engines and suitable hulls very cheaply. In the past the difficulty was to know where to house the boats during the winter. The Sussex Motor Yacht Club has an island estuary by Shoreham, in which members can dock their boats all the year round, with the result that motor boating has greatly increased on the Sussex coast.

\* \* \*

The Royal Automobile Club has awarded the Dewar Trophy to the Rover Motor Company of Coventry for the successful ascent of the Mountain Pass Bwlch-y-Groes in North Wales fifty consecutive times in one day. This trophy is awarded by the club annually for the most meritorious performance of the year that they have officially observed, so that it is regarded as the highest honour obtainable by any manufacturing firm. This mountain road usually has been included in reliability runs from London to Holyhead, and owing to its long and steep gradient has prevented many cars from winning the gold medals awarded on account of their losing water by boiling. The merit of the Rover car of 14 h.p. that successfully climbed and descended this hill fifty consecutive times may be best gauged by the fact that it consumed less than half a pint of water in the ten hours of the trial.

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## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 195.

A SOUTHERN COUNTY BOASTS THESE PLACES TWAIN;  
CATHEDRAL CITY ONE, THE OTHER FRONTS THE MAIN.

1. Could solve acrostics if he had a mind.
2. Its blossoms in your greenhouse you may find.
3. Learning is not his forte, that's very certain.
4. In case you need it, step behind yon curtain.
5. The word next wanted any wheel will show.
6. Transpose a fruit to which no rhyme I know.
7. Of Turkey-cock curtail the lofty gait.
8. The modern substitute's a china plate.
9. Lest this undo us, by the card we'll speak.
10. Received with gladness by the wise and meek.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 193.

W alking-sti Ck  
A b O<sup>1</sup>  
L apidatio N  
M ilde W  
E l A<sup>2</sup>  
R eformator Y  
C abalisti C  
A quil A  
S urreptitlou S  
T obacconis T  
L ega L  
E videnc E

1 Once a celebrated and flourishing town,  
the capital of Finland and the cradle  
of its Christianity, but almost ruined  
by fire in 1827.

2 "The liquor which, according to the  
Edda, is called by men ale, and by  
the gods beer."

Borrow: "Wild Wales," chap. xlv.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 193.—The winner is the Rev. J. Wallace Kidston, 3 Pembroke Gardens, London, W.8, who has selected as his prize 'More London Inns and Taverns,' by Leopold Wagner, published by Allen and Unwin and reviewed in our columns on November 14 under the title 'The Same Again.' Twenty-six other competitors chose this book, 30 named 'The Farington Diary,' Vol. V, 12 'The Silver Treasury of English Lyrics,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Roid, C. A. S., Cyril E. Ford, Ceyx, Peter, Baldersby, Carlton, Doric, Quis, Lionel Cresswell, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, J. E. Goudge, John Lennie, W. F. Born, St. Ives, C. O. M., Roan, Rosa H. Boothroyd, C. J. Warden, F. M. Petty, Lar, C. H. Burton, Bordyke, M. Story, N. O. Sellam, Reginald Eccles, Martha, Jorum, Hetrians, Tyro, Vron, Crucible, Lilian, Trike, Plumbago, Melville, Madge, Gay, Met, Mrs. J. Butler, Pussy, Reginald J. Hopes, A. W. Cooke, and Sisypheus.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Rho Kappa, Jop, Zoozoo, Buster, Ruth Bevan, Beechworth, Brevis, Albert E. K. Wherry, Penelope, Margaret, G. W. Miller, Cameron, Lady Mottram, Farsdon, Yardarm, R. Ransom, Bolo, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, J. Chambers, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Dormouse, Shotterbrooke, Gunton, Parvus, Still Waters, East Sheen, Oakapple, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Chip, R. J. M. W., Miss Ruby Macpherson, Armadale, Twyford, Zyk, Dolmar, and J. R. Cripps.

Other results next week.

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bourne	Hodge	Routledge
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# Some Tributes from the Press to the SATURDAY REVIEW on its Seventieth Anniversary

## *The Manchester Guardian*

To-day's SATURDAY REVIEW reviews a long period—the whole seventy years of its life. Threescore years and ten is the traditional span for a man; as weekly reviews go it is a good deal over what insurance companies call "the normal expectation." But the SATURDAY has achieved that milestone and shows no sign of ageing; indeed, the excellence of this birthday number is in some way the measure of its present vigour. The now famous names of old contributors are recalled—from John Morley and Lord Salisbury to Bernard Shaw and Max Beerbohm—and some of them are still here and have written gracefully on this special occasion in the columns of which they were once the regular ornaments. But in admiring the SATURDAY REVIEW of the past and the amazing amount of varied brilliance which it attracted to itself (as Mr. Shaw points out in his article it had, for a Conservative organ, an extraordinary aptitude for collecting the brightest exponents of the new idea as its contributors) it would be very ungrateful to miss the opportunity of congratulating this active septuagenarian on its present position in the world of journalism. In politics it interprets Conservatism with liberality, and for literature and the arts (much beset in these days by aspiring extravagance) it is a stronghold of the sanities, wisely held and wittily used. It has a great tradition behind it, but at this moment the tradition is still being lengthened.

## *The Observer*

To congratulate the SATURDAY REVIEW upon its Seventieth Birthday comes easily to those who have the slightest acquaintance with the annals of modern journalism. Its great tradition is a synonym not only of power and pungency, but of scholarship made flexible and fluent in the service of common thought.

## *The Spectator*

We offer our congratulations to our friendly rival the SATURDAY REVIEW, which this week celebrates its Seventieth Anniversary. The SATURDAY REVIEW is publishing messages from the Prime Minister, Lord Balfour, Mr. Thomas Hardy and many other celebrated men. The SATURDAY REVIEW has a notable record. It was admired as much as it was feared when the late Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, was regularly writing political articles for it, and when its book reviews aimed at elevating the public taste by castigating pretentious or in-

efficient authors in a manner that is unknown in our milder day. We are glad to think that that well-known man of letters, Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, who edited it from 1883-1894, is still living. . . We hope the SATURDAY REVIEW has before it many more "allotted spans," and we can wish for it no better achievement than to be worthy of its past.

## *The Nation and the Athenæum*

The SATURDAY REVIEW celebrates the completion of its Seventieth Year with the present issue, and no journalist would wish to refuse his tribute to a weekly that has enjoyed a renown so remarkable and so varied. The band of contributors whom Douglas Cook welded into a unit during the 'sixties can never have been surpassed in power and scholarship, combined with devilry; nor, I imagine, could any modern editor cease to marvel at a group whose members were of every shade of political and theological opinion. During the past quarter-century the SATURDAY has fulfilled its destiny as a good Tory weekly, generally orthodox. To-day, in the hands of Mr. Gerald Barry, it stands for quality and sincerity in its Toryism, while its literary pages gain distinction from such names as Gerald Gould and Ivor Brown. The SATURDAY, in a word, is still an honour to English journalism.

## *The Morning Post*

In his congratulatory article in this week's SATURDAY REVIEW Mr. Max Beerbohm expresses surprise that it is only the Seventieth Anniversary of the famous weekly's birth that is being celebrated. Most people of middle age will share the surprise; for though the SATURDAY was, as a fact, founded no longer ago than 1855, it is already a national institution—a presence that we have known from our youth up; a handy name for a conjunction of certain qualities not otherwise to be so compendiously defined. No periodical has a greater tradition. The SATURDAY has passed through the hands of a long succession of proprietors and editors since the days of Mr. Beresford Hope; and as for its contributors—the imposing array of eminent names is best grasped from the drawing by 'Quiz' which adorns this anniversary number.

## *The Daily Mail*

Altogether the birthday is celebrated in fine style. The journal has always maintained an attitude at once independent and patriotic, and it has been and is notable for its list of contributors and for the high level of its articles.

*Fit Triplex and be Safe*